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P O E M S

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X

BY THE

A U T H O R

OF

The *VILLAGE CURATE*,

AND

A D R I A N O.

At dixi fluere hunc lutulentum, s^æpè ferentem
Plura quidem tollenda relinquendis. Agè, quæſo;
Tu nihil in magno doctus reprēndis Homero?

L O N D O N :

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ADVERTISMENT.

BEFORE we invite the critic to dinner, let us give him a bill of fare. If he is contented with the viands we propose to bring forward, let him sit down and feed, and we assure him he is welcome to our table. If he is displeased with his diet, and likes not our plain but wholesome repast, he must look farther for his meal, and here we take our leave of him, with a low bow, and, *Sir, your humble Servant.*

The Poems contained in the following Volume, the Author has been advised not to publish.

lish. It was feared they might detract from the character he has already acquired by two former publications, *The Village Curate* and *Adriano*. But to this good advice he has been so rash as not to listen. The indulgence with which his former productions were received, (indulgence he little dreamed of, and can scarcely yet persuade himself was justly due,) has determined him not to withhold even these.

Let ~~not~~ the Reader therefore expect a great degree of excellence in the volume here presented to him. He will probably find much to pardon, and but little to commend. The first poem is a *simple*, the critic perhaps will say a *foolish* story. The author will not contradict him. Panthea, the third, was a great part of it written some years ago. It was at first planned in a dramatic shape, for which reason it abounds very much in dialogue. If the reader finds it less

amusing than the rest, he must be informed that the excellence here aimed at, is of a different nature from that which was the object of the former publications of this author. His principal design in this poem, is discrimination of character, together with some expression of passion, and, where it could be admitted, loftiness of description. How far he has succeeded in these points, he must leave his reader to judge.

• The two other Poems are trifling, and, like their companions, no doubt abound in faults, though their Author is not able to point them out. "A blemish in a child's face," said a great man to his daughter, "seemeth often to the father beautiful." So is it with authors and their productions. Many imperfections, which to the reader are obvious, to the writer were invisible.

Such

Such are the pieces which compose this volume: And yet, such as they are, the author still flatters himself they may be endured, as well as those which he has already published.

ELMER

ELMER AND OPHELIA.

— *teneros animos aliena opprobria fæpè*
Absterrent vitiis. HOR.

АДАМ ОДА ЯЗЫКИ

ELMER AND OPHELIA.

IN the warm bosom of a tufted vale,
A little journey from a country town,
Stood Elmer's house, a man of worth and wealth.
Aged he was, and had an only niece,
Her name Ophelia. She an orphan was,
And her dead parents left her to the care
Of gen'rous Elmer. Well had he discharg'd
The guardian's office, and the friendless child
Lov'd as his own. He gave her all she wish'd,
He sent her to the ball, the play, the rout,
The concert; well content to live alone
While she was happy with the gay and young.
Ophelia's friends were welcome to his roof,

B

Were

Were welcome to his board. He gave her books,
He gave her music, and he fill'd her purse.

But she was not content. Her sickly mind
Was ill at ease, though seated on the throne
Of affluence and plenty. She could see
Another's happiness was thrice her own,
And she had little reason to rejoice,
Cut off from sweet society, and lost
To all but Elmer. He was old and grave.
He little relish'd the gay mood of youth,
And she as little relish'd his. She sigh'd
From morn to noon, from noon to latest night,
From night to morn. The good man saw concern'd,
But sought the reason of her grief in vain.
She pin'd and he was sad.

Mean-time the ball
Returning monthly drew her to the town.
A stranger saw her, and she won his heart.

He

He gain'd access, and led her to the dance.
An officer he was, and she was pleas'd
To win a hero. Many a flatt'ring speech
He made, and sooth'd her too-attentive ear.
For he had heard of Elmer's wealth and age,
And knew Ophelia was an only niece.
He too was poor. The gamester's rattling box
And the dear pleasures of a tawdry miss
Had left him nothing. With a soldier's care
He plan'd the conquest of Ophelia's heart
And won it. With reluctance she withdrew
To Elmer's lonely house, disgusted more
At solitude and him.

Next morn she rose,
And seated at the board ere Elmer came
In thoughtful posture lean'd. Her eager mind
Retrac'd the pleasures of the ev'ning ball.
She heard the voice of flattery and love,
She press'd the hand of her enamour'd youth.

Then of her uncle's lone abode she thought,
And what was here to please? an old gray man
Who found no pleasure in the joys of youth,
A solitary walk, dry books, grave words,
While mirth and transport sought the town alone.
So lost in thought she wept, till unperceiv'd
Her uncle came, and found her all in tears.
Griev'd was his heart, and at her side he sat
Intreating whence the cause of so much woe.
He wish'd her happy, and his utmost pow'r
Should be exerted to content her. She
Abash'd and disconcerted, not a word
Deign'd in reply. So silently they sat,
And drank their morning's tea.

The clock strikes ten,
The hall re-echoes with a double rap.
John enters to announce the guest. Who comes?
An officer enquiring for Ophelia,
The gentleman she danc'd with, and he hopes

She

She finds no inconvenience from the ball.
Ophelia's heart reviv'd. Her countenance
Was bright and cheerful as an autumn sky,
When after a long night of gloom and rain
The fleecy clouds dispart, and the clear sun
Mounts to his noon rejoicing. With a smile
She welcom'd her gay spark, she shook his hand,
And introduc'd him. Elmer was rejoic'd
To see the happy change his presence wrought,
And bade him welcome. One short hour he sat
And heard Ophelia's never-ceasing tongue
Pour out its soft allurement. Mute was he,
And all compliance with her finart remark ;
Yet wanted not sweet smiles and oily words
At intervals thrown in, to bind her heart
Nothing suspicious in the chains of love.
His artful aim experienc'd Elmer saw,
Observ'd Ophelia by his words and smiles
Led captive, and withdrew to think of means
Might best defeat his mischievous intent.

Then was Ophelia's tongue without restraint;
She told him all her hardships and her wants.
He heard and pitied, sigh'd, and from his eye
Wip'd an extorted tear. He took her hand
And whisper'd all his wish. Her heart was lost.
With eager transport she embrac'd the terms
Of speedy wedlock to a man unknown.
That night she offer'd to elope. But he
Lov'd more her uncle's fortune than his niece,
And pray'd her to request the good man's leave.
She scarce consents; and now, her lover gone,
Sits down to meditate what form of words
May best unfold her purpose. Elmer comes.
He needs not information whom she loves,
Or who loves most sincere. In her sad eye
He reads the lover, in her words and looks.
He saw the villain too in him she lov'd,
And pitied her whose undiscerning eye
Might prove the snare of innocence and peace.
He sat beside her and began discourse.

He

He question'd her of matters not remote
From love and him she lov'd, purpos'd to learn
What she would fain disclose. He ask'd how long
The brilliant stranger had been known at town,
And who he was, and whence. She nothing knew.
‘ And yet,’ said Elmer, ‘ if my eye be just,
‘ He bears no small proportion of thy love.’

‘ Yes, said Ophelia, flutter'd and abash'd,
‘ He bears no small proportion of my love,
‘ He bears it all. This moment as he went
‘ He offer'd wedlock, and my heart obeyed.
‘ Nothing is wanting but thy free consent
‘ To make us one.’

‘ Indeed !’ said Elmer, struck
With terror and astonishment. ‘ Indeed !
‘ Has he so far deceiv'd thee ? My dear girl,
‘ Retreat betimes, for thy incautious foot
‘ Stands on a dreadful precipice. One step

- ‘ May plunge thee in an ocean of distress,
- ‘ And make thee wretched long as life endures.
- ‘ I know the man. I knew his father. He
- ‘ (Divulge it not for shame) was sin itself.
- ‘ A man more wicked never trod the earth,
- ‘ Living on arts of treachery and guile,
- ‘ And spending affluence obtain’d by fraud
- ‘ In plotting ruin to thy thoughtless sex.
- ‘ He practis’d on my sister, and thy aunt,
- ‘ A worthy woman. He ensnar’d her heart.
- ‘ She left her father at the dead of night
- ‘ And fled with him. He promis’d wedlock too.
- ‘ But all his purpose was to draw her thence
- ‘ Where succour was at hand; and his vile arts
- ‘ Were too successful. To the north he flew
- ‘ Triumphant with his prey, and left her there
- ‘ Seduc’d and ruin’d. To her father’s house
- ‘ She dar’d not come again for shame. He sought
- ‘ But found her not, for she evaded search
- ‘ By change of clothing, and a borrow’d name.

‘ She

- ‘ She pawn’d her watch, her jewels, and her clothes.
- ‘ She beg’d from door to door, the live-long day
- ‘ Spending in hunger and the night in tears.
- ‘ Till wand’ring barefoot thro’ a market town,
- ‘ In silent sorrow at a rich man’s door
- ‘ Claiming relief, an angry mob came round,
- ‘ Seiz’d her half-spent, and to the parish bounds
- ‘ Whip’d as a vagrant. With a breaking heart
- ‘ Feeble and faint she reach’d a neighb’ring barn,
- ‘ Pour’d out a steady curse (and not in vain,
- ‘ For he was hang’d for murder) upon him
- ‘ The author of her grief, fell down, and died :
- ‘ And unlamented at the parish cost
- ‘ Was poorly buried. And shalt thou, my child,
- ‘ For such I deem thee, and thy tender heart
- ‘ Knows my affection, and has ever found me
- ‘ Kind as a father——shalt thou wed a man
- ‘ The son of him who murder’d thy poor aunt ?
- ‘ O no, forbid it Heaven.

‘ Forbid it Heaven,’
Ophelia cried, ‘ if in the son be found
‘ The parent’s vices. But the hapless child
‘ May sometimes merit tho’ the parent sin.
‘ My dearest uncle, must the son be base.
‘ Because the father was? May he not rather
‘ Doubly deserve by being just and good?
‘ I cannot think the man is to be shun’d
‘ If this be all his trespass. In his soul
‘ I trace a thousand virtues, and my heart
‘ Is his for ever.’

‘ Pause a moment, child,’
Said Elmer. ‘ Love is blind. Unsafe it were
‘ To trust thy judgment here, not knowing aught
‘ Of men and manners and of him thou lov’st.
‘ Tis ev’ry man’s desire to hide his faults,
‘ And seem to have the virtues he has not.
‘ So he who travels, with a fine disguise
‘ Covers his imperfections, and assumes

‘ The

‘ The known appearance of the man of worth.
‘ None but the keenest eye, which long has read
‘ The artful ways of man, can spy the wolf
‘ Thus passing for the lamb. I dare be bold
‘ To tell Ophelia that the man she loves,
‘ Spite of his seeming tenderness and care,
‘ Esteems her not. I watch’d his cool deceit
‘ Working in ambush. His alluring smile,
‘ His honey’d words, his unembarras’d air,
‘ Were all too little to disguise his heart.
‘ And there I saw him, as he surely is,
‘ Black as his Father.’

‘ But we judge amiss

Ophelia cried, ‘ if thus dear sir, we blame
‘ Without exception him whose outward form
‘ Seems to betray deceit. For oft we mark
‘ That unambitious virtue loves to dwell
‘ Where none expects her. He, whose vicious look
‘ Seems to foretel an undeserving heart,

‘ Is

‘ Is found, by near examination tried,
‘ Great in all goodness.

‘ Yes,’ said Elmer, ‘ hid
‘ Under the covert of a vicious look
‘ Most exemplary virtue sometimes dwells—
‘ But oft’ner vice. And it were safer far
‘ To question goodness where we see it not,
‘ Than think a vicious look may always hide
‘ Virtue and truth. But here no question needs.
‘ The man we speak of has shewn ample proof,
‘ And could my eye no treachery perceive,
‘ I knew enough of his ill-boding youth
‘ To shut my doors against him. Never, child,
‘ O never, never let thy heart be lost
‘ To one so ill-deserving.

‘ Yet, good sir,
‘ If one so ill deserving win my heart,
‘ And give me such assurance of his truth,

‘ Such

Such hope of reformation, as contents
My warmest wish, 'twere sure no sin to wed.
Who knows not worthless rakes have often prov'd
The best of husbands and the best of men.
Give me the man I love. I ask no more.
Repentance shall not follow. And if grief
Should spoil the pleasures of my after years,
Tis not thy fault but mine.

My dearest girl,

Be not perverse and rash. Incline thine ear
To wise experience. If the rake has prov'd,
In some rare instance diligently mark'd,
The best of husbands and the best of men,
'Twas such conversion as the oldest eye
Shall hardly see again. 'Tis not in art
To make the raven white, to conquer vice
Rooted by habit, to compel the man
To quit his old propensities, and tread
The path of infancy again. The plant

Yields

Yields to the finger, but the tree once form'd
‘ Defies the giant's arm. Thy feeble hand,
‘ With all the charms of mighty love to boot,
‘ Shall sooner bend the everlasting oak,
‘ Shall sooner stay the fiery Danube's flood,
‘ Shall sooner lift old Ocean from his seat,
‘ Than turn the villain from the ways of vice.
‘ I grant in Woman there is wondrous power,
‘ Not the fine tones of Music's self have more,
‘ Tho' fabled to have drawn unwilling tears
‘ From Hell's hard-hearted monarch, to have hung
‘ Smiles of content upon the tortur'd brow,
‘ And fill'd the regions of the restless damn'd
‘ With ravishment and peace. But not that pow'r,
‘ Nor all the pow'r of man shall there prevail
‘ Where God's commandment has been heard in vain.

‘ With humble def'rence to your better skill,
Ophelia said presuming, ‘ not a vice
‘ Reigns in the bosom of the man I love.’
‘ How!

‘ How ! not a vice ?’ said Elmer. ‘ I have said
‘ I know him to be vicious. Not a rogue
‘ Dies on the gallows who so well deserves
‘ Shame and disgrace. By knavery and fraud
‘ He lives, sucking advantage from the boy
‘ Who inexperienc’d falls into his snare,
‘ A surer victim than the captive fly
‘ To the full bloated spider.

‘ No, he’s good,
‘ He’s just and honest, you mistake the man.

‘ What,’ said the uncle, ‘ does thy tongue deny
‘ What I affirm unquestionable truth
‘ From constant observation ? Hear me then.
‘ The hour that sees thee wedded to that man
‘ Shall cut thee off from twenty thousand pounds,
‘ This house, and this estate. I’ll sooner die
‘ And leave them to a beggar than to thee.

‘ Then leave them to a beggar,’ said Ophelia.
‘ Give me my own, the little opulence
‘ My father left, too gen’rous to be rich,
‘ And give thy acres to a gipsy’s brat.
‘ Let some unheard-of heir possess thy house,
‘ Thy fortune. I shall be content, tho’ Heav’n
‘ Assign me to the cottage or the barn,
‘ If he I love be with me.’

‘ Headstrong girl,’

Said Elmer in a rage. ‘ Is this the end

‘ Of all my kindness, tenderness and love?
‘ O! I repent. I heartily repent.
‘ I would it could be all undone. Perverse,
‘ Rude, ignorant, ungrateful, thoughtless girl.
‘ Was it for this I took thee to my roof,
‘ Fed thee and cloth’d thee with a parent’s care,
‘ Prevented ev’ry want and ev’ry wish,
‘ Made thee my daughter, and esteem’d thee more—
‘ More than a father? base, O base return.

‘ This

‘ This moment down, and humbly on thy knees
‘ Crave my forgiveness, or thy lot is cast
‘ Never again beneath this roof to sleep
‘ Hence-forward and for ever.’

‘ Never again,’

Said insolent Ophelia, ‘ do these eyes
‘ Wish to be clos’d beneath this hated roof.
‘ Pay me my fortune, and within the hour
‘ I leaye your house and you.’

Old Elmer’s heart

Had almost burst with anger. In great wrath
He rais’d his hand, but reason check’d his arm
And he forbore to strike. No more he said,
But hastening to his desk, with bills and draughts
Paid all her fortune to the utmost doit;
A little fortune, a few hundred pounds.
She joyfully receiv’d it, with a sneer
Bade him good day, and hasted to the door.

C

And

And forth she went on foot. His gen'rous heart
No longer could contain. Upon the floor
He fell, and curs'd the inauspicious hour
That brought the thankless monster to his door.
He blam'd blind Fortune, and his aged eye
Large tears of grief and indignation shed.
At length recover'd, to his desk he went,
Wrote to a trusty friend, and beg'd him watch
The secret motions of his undone niece.

She to the town made speed, and now arriv'd
Inquires the lodging of her unknown friend.
He joyfully receives her, and detains
To dinner. She unlocks her heart, and tells
How much she loves him, what heroic acts
That love inspir'd, and how the surly fool
Dismiss'd her nothing loth. She shews the bills,
She shews the draughts.

‘ And is this all ?’ he cried,
‘ My dear Ophelia, we shall starve on this.

‘ Better

‘ Better return, and tell him we are one,
‘ And from his stingy purse extort a loan
‘ By feign’d submission. Kneel, and pray, and weep.
‘ And his old heart, tho’ stubborn as a rock,
‘ Shall bleed thee drops of gold. Leave these with me.’

‘ So much at least,’ Ophelia said, ‘ I give thee,’
And put the better half of all her wealth
Into her lover’s hand. ‘ But to return
‘ And kneel, and weep, and pray, tho’ drops of gold
‘ Fell as I spoke, a million to a word,
‘ My haughty soul despairs. And prithee, Love,
‘ What need of more? this little is enough.
‘ And if we cannot live in the proud world,
‘ Let’s to the cottage, where the public eye
‘ Looks not contemptuous on the artful thrift
‘ Of nice œconomy. There plenty, peace,
‘ And happiness eternal as our love,
‘ Shall cost us little.’

‘ My dear girl,’ said he,
 ‘ Consider all thy wants. We cannot live
 ‘ E’en in the cottage on a sum like this.
 ‘ A few short years shall utterly consume
 ‘ Our whole subsistence. To thy uncle then,
 ‘ And beg forgiveness, and intreat his leave
 ‘ Thyself, and thy fond husband may return
 ‘ And at his table feed.’

‘ Urge it no more.
 ‘ I tell thee,’ said Ophelia, ‘ I would die,
 ‘ Would undergo all hardships flesh can feel,
 ‘ Would wander, beg my bread from door to door,
 ‘ And breathe my last upon a bed of straw,
 ‘ Rather than seek that hated roof again.’

‘ Where wilt thou live?’ said he. ‘ I cannot—no,
 ‘ I will not wed thee; for my soul abhors
 ‘ An act would ruin both thyself and me.’
 ‘ What,’ said Ophelia,

‘ Have I left my home,

‘ Forsook

‘ Forsook my uncle, and renounc’d his wealth,
‘ And all for thee? and can thy cruel heart
‘ Turn me adrift upon the troublous world?
‘ Where is that love thy double tongue profess’d?’

‘ I love thee still,’ said he, ‘ mistake me not.
‘ I love thee more than ever man has lov’d.
‘ I cannot live without thee. To be there
‘ Where thy sweet presence animates the world,
‘ Were happiness my fond and doting heart
‘ Would not exchange for Heav’n. And to be there
‘ Where thy sweet presence never sheds a ray,
‘ Were to be prison’d in a den of pain,
‘ Tho’ it were Paradise. Forfaze me not.
‘ Live with me, love me. Never let us part.
‘ Command my house, and be for ever mine,
‘ The lovely partner of my bed and board,
‘ All but—my wife.’

‘ Ungrateful wretch,’ she cried,
‘ Hast thou decoy’d me from my best of friends
‘ Only to tempt me? No, my stubborn knee
‘ Shall sooner kneel at angry Elmer’s door,
‘ Than my proud heart consent to terms like these.
‘ Give me again my bills, and I depart
‘ Never to see thee more.’

‘ Begone,’ he cried.

‘ The bills were freely giv’n, and they are mine.
‘ But it were wiser to reflect a while,
‘ How this so tender form, this silky hand,
‘ These crimson lips, and this vermillion cheek,
‘ So smooth and delicate, shall bear the pains
‘ Of hunger, cold, and want. How shall this eye
‘ That never slumber’d but in beds of down,
‘ Be clos’d in peace upon a mow of straw,
‘ Where busy vermin squeak, and the starv’d owl
‘ In hungry disappointment shrieks all night?
‘ How shall it sleep upon the rich man’s fill,

‘ While

‘ While robbers, watchmen, and the drunken rake
‘ Plunder, insult and kill, and the great dog
‘ Roars at his master’s door, till morning dawn ?
‘ Or while the howling tempest scatters shards,
‘ And angry winter blows his frozen snow
‘ To ev’ry corner of the cheerless porch.
‘ How shall thy tender foot, us’d to be nurs’d
‘ In silk and cotton, on the naked flint
‘ Go bare, wounded and hurt at ev’ry step ?
‘ How shall it bear the frost and chilling snow
‘ Upon no hearth expos’d. O think of this,
‘ Nor let thy tongue too rash renounce the terms
‘ Of ease and pleasure.’

‘ Artful, wicked tempter,
‘ Think not thy glossy words,’ Ophelia cried,
‘ Have pow’r to win me farther. I have lost —
‘ What have I lost ?’—She paus’d, and plenteous tears
Flow’d from her eyes—‘ a pious uncle’s love,
‘ A home, a fortune. Shall I forfeit more ?

‘ Fool that I was to think thy oily tongue
‘ Spoke the pure dictates of an honest heart
‘ Bound in sincere affection. Ah, too late
‘ I see the villain, and lament my loss.
‘ But yet (she said and rose) yet will I bear
‘ The keenest suff’rings poverty can bring,
‘ Sooner than fall a victim to thy arts,
‘ Thou base deceitful plund’rer. There is hope,
‘ While virtue fails not, Providence may look
‘ Not without pity on a wretch like me.
‘ Some friends I have, and to those friends I fly.
‘ To the wide world I’ll publish thy deceit,
‘ And may offended justice wake, and thou,
‘ The wicked offspring of a wicked sire,
‘ Die like thy father.’

At the just rebuke

He rose in fury, but she shut the door
And turn’d the key, and to the street escap’d.
’Twas early ev’ning, and the twinkling stars
Began to spangle the pure arch of Heav’n.

A while she stood, to ease her swelling heart
And give a vent to grief; then forward went
Not knowing whither, and the trickling tear
Still wip'd away, that still ran trickling down.

At length she halted at Loquacia's door,
An ancient maiden who to Elmer's house
Came duly thrice a week, to tell the news.

Wealthy was she, and just upon the brink
Of threescore years had won the flinty heart

Of one as ancient as herself, but poor,

An aged bachelor, who fed the town

With physic and advice, but starv'd himself.

She stood a moment, wip'd her eyes, and rap'd.

Loquacia was alone and half asleep,

But at the sight of her dear friend Ophelia

Let loose her restless tongue, and bade her welcome.

Ophelia could not speak. She wav'd her hand,
And from the bottom of her breaking heart
Utter'd a sigh, and wept. Her great distress

Loquacia

Loquacia soon perceiv'd, and from the shelf
Reach'd the kind cordial. To her trembling lips,
She held it, and Ophelia drank. Reviv'd,
She told her story, how the treach'rous man
Seduc'd her from her uncle's calm abode,
How *she* ungrateful fled, her credulous ear
Poison'd with flattery, and how *he* sought
Her utter ruin. With attentive ear
Loquacia drank the tale, and wip'd her eyes
For tears unus'd to flow. She shook her hand,
She comforted, she kiss'd her, and assur'd
All would be well. Herself would interceed,
Her uncle would forgive, and 'till he did
She should be welcome to her bed and board.

So there she harbour'd for one tedious month,
By rude Loquacia's tongue tormented sore,
Yet patient to endure it. For she found
Her friends were few, and if Loquacia fail'd
Where should she shelter then?

To

To Elmer's house

Upon a future day Loquacia went,
Beg'd for his niece, subdued the good man's heart,
And he consented to forgive, if she
Would crave forgiveness humbly on her knees.
But she was full of shame, and wanted heart,
And something too the hard conditions scorn'd,
Not wholly humbled. At Loquacia's cost
From day to day she liv'd, still putting off,
Faint-hearted and irresolute, the task
Of due submission. To propose his terms
The aged bachelor oft came, but still
Ophelia's beauty, and her artless tongue
Made him forget his purpose. 'Twas to her
He seem'd a lover, and the hour of love
Due to Loquacia, was bestow'd on her.
Loquacia saw with jealousy and rage,
Oft disappointed, and thence led to fear
Where no fear was. She urg'd her to depart.
She fix'd the day: but still her courage fail'd.

At

At length, provok'd at her so long delay,
She bade her leave the house.

Ophelia rose,
Rose at that moment, and with swimming eyes
Departed.

What indulgent friend shall next
Provide her food and lodging? For her draughts
And few remaining bills she felt; but ah!
Some needy servant's hand had pilfer'd these,
And left her only those. One hundred pounds
Were all her fortune now. She chang'd her draughts
For bills and money, wrapt them up, and put
The poor provision for a life to come
Into her bosom. With an aching heart
She travel'd ev'ry street, and ev'ry lane,
To seek a lodging in some gloomy court,
How mean she car'd not, if it was but cheap.

She found one and engag'd it. See her now
The wretched tenant of a smoke-dried room
Dark as a dungeon. There the cheerful Sun
Sheds not a ray in all his annual course ;
Nor there the moon, wont to attend her bed,
And shine upon her, as she slept in peace
At Elmer's. Now her dismal chamber needs
The taper's light at noon, obscur'd by blinds
And windows dull with dust. No verdant lawn
Sprinkled with tufts, and solitary oaks,
Delights her eye, oft rais'd, but rais'd in vain.
No lofty poplar, birch, or ancient elm
Shakes his green honors in the western sun,
Checq'ring the wainscot with amusive dance.
No leaf is seen, save what the batter'd crock,
And spoutless teapot yield, from sickly flow'rs,
Starv'd myrtles, and geraniums loth to live.
It was a corner Nature had forsook,
Shut out for ever from the longing eye
By crowded buildings. And what peace within

Could

Could thy uneasy heart, Ophelia, find,
No books, no instrument, no chosen friend,
No music, and no voice to sing, no clock
To count the tardy hours, no maid to wait,
No pen and ink, no work-bag, and no cards.
She curs'd her folly, and a thousand times
Resolv'd to ask forgiveness, but her heart
A thousand times recoil'd. So there she liv'd,
And often wander'd through the streets alone,
Despis'd, and little notic'd. For she found
That poverty and want were crime enough,
Though virtue still remain'd.

At such a time
Returning homeward with a downcast head,
In one hand silk and needles, in the other
A little volume with reluctance bought
To cheer her lonely ev'nings, Elmer's coach
Came unperceiv'd upon her, and her eye,
Full of repentance, and afloat in tears,

Met his. With gen'rous pity mov'd, he call'd,
He stop'd his coach and beckon'd. But she fled
Asham'd to see him, and with hasty steps
Came to her lodging, enter'd it, and wept.
And oft she wish'd to hear the sudden rap
Announce her uncle, or his man at least,
With written invitation to his roof
And welcome pardon : but no uncle came,
No man was sent. E'en to the midnight hour
She sat expecting by a farthing light,
Poring without attention o'er her book.
At length, despairing, to her bed she went,
Afflicted, supperless.

Next morn a friend
Came ere the kettle boil'd, and while the roll
Stood yet untouched upon the blinking hearth.
He beg'd admittance. Ernest was his name.
A friend to Elmer and to Elmer's niece.
Oft had he seen the melancholy maid.

Pass by his door, and with a curious eye
Mark'd her retreat. And now with good intent
He sought her lodging, and was warm with hope,
By mild persuasion and intreaty won,
She yet would seek her uncle, and implore
Forgiveness not withheld. She bade him sit
And of her little meal partake. He sat,
He ate, and cheerfully began discourse
Of friends and foes, of politics and news.
Ophelia's heart reviv'd, and for an hour
She felt the pleasures of a mind at ease,
Disburden'd of all care. At length a pause
Gave way to recollection, and a sigh
Went from her heart.

‘ And why that sigh, Ophelia?’
Said Ernest, smiling. ‘ If contentless grief
‘ Preys on thy heart, thyself must bear the blame,
‘ For Nature made thee with a merry eye,
‘ And Fortune dare not be thy foe an hour.

‘ Think

‘ Think not,’ Ophelia said, ‘ think not, good sir,
‘ Though Nature made me with a merry eye,
‘ And I have smil’d and been at ease to-day,
‘ That grief and sorrow cannot reach my heart.
‘ My disobedience (’twas the public talk)
‘ Thou know’st. From that unhappy hour I’ve liv’d
‘ A miserable outcast. And though smiles
‘ Come ever to my cheek at sight of thee,
‘ My heart is wounded, and my lonely hours
‘ Are full of misery and pain. My looks
‘ Will bear me witness, for the rose is fled.
‘ I shun my glass, for I see nothing there
‘ But meagre cheeks, pale lips, and melting eyes.
‘ And Fortune too forsakes me. I have lost
‘ Most of the little which my father left.
‘ The villain who decoy’d me, at my word
‘ Took half and kept it. Some dishonest hand
‘ Stole half the rest, and of the little left
‘ Scarce fourscore pounds remain. When these are
‘ gone

D

‘ What

‘ What shall I do to live ? No tradesman now
 ‘ Allows me credit longer than a week.
 ‘ My surly landlord brought a bill to-day,
 ‘ And bids me pay or quit.’

‘ Be not dismay’d,’
 Said Ernest kindly, ‘ for beneath my roof
 ‘ Thou shalt not need a friend. Return with me,
 ‘ Or let me lead thee to good Elmer’s house.
 ‘ There want shall never find thee. At a word
 ‘ Forgiveness shall be thine, for he esteems
 ‘ And loves thee much, he pities and invites.
 ‘ Fly to thy uncle, no unwelcome guest,
 ‘ And by one dutiful and prudent act
 ‘ Set Fortune at defiance.’

‘ Worthy Sir,
 ‘ I feel the justice of thy good advice.
 ‘ I know,’ said she, ‘ ’twere unbecoming him,
 ‘ ’Twere condescension not to be forgiv’n,

‘ To’

‘ To visit one undutiful like me,
‘ And offer pardon never sought or ask’d.
‘ I feel my folly, I lament my pride ;
‘ I hate to think of the ungrateful words
‘ My tongue has utter’d to the best of friends. ”
‘ But how shall I return ? How can I look
‘ On Elmer’s face again, when but the thought
‘ Of my past disobedience fires my cheek
‘ With shame that cannot bear the light alone.
‘ ’Twas but last night, returning home in tears,
‘ I met his coach unheeding, and beheld
‘ His eye, not angry, but appeas’d and kind,
‘ Fast fix’d on me. He call’d me by my name,
‘ He stop’d and beckon’d ; but my heart was full,
‘ My conscience smote me, and I fled with haste.
‘ The world’s great Judge could not have awed me
‘ more.
‘ I drew my bonnet o’er my burning cheek,
‘ And my distracted eye oft turning back
‘ Dar’d not encounter his again. I fled,

‘ I curs’d my coward heart, and almost spent
 ‘ Came trembling home.’

‘ Then be advis’d,’ he said,
 ‘ Let us together visit Elmer’s door,
 ‘ And what thy fault’ring tongue wants pow’r to say,
 ‘ That mine shall utter for thee. Be advis’d.
 ‘ To-morrow be the day. In the mean time
 ‘ Come and be happy with my son and me.’

She hesitated long, and beg’d at last
 A week for preparation.

‘ Take a week,’
 Said Ernest, happy to prevail so far,
 ‘ And spend that week with us. Come, no reply.
 ‘ Discharge thy landlord. In an hour at most
 ‘ I shall expect thee.’

To the door he went,
 And left her. She obey’d, to be set free

From this her dreary mansion little loth,
And having paid her landlord, left his house,
And came to Ernest's. With a gracious smile,
Such as the tender father gives his child,
He at his door receiv'd her. To her room
Now he conducts her, at the table's head
Now seats her, and proclaims her with delight
Queen of the feast. With cheerfulness and ease
She rules the board, and half forgets her grief.
Day rose, and day retir'd. Night after night
Withdrew, and ere she thinks of preparation
The promis'd week is gone. She begs one more,
And yet another. To protract her stay
Ernest consents, unwilling to dismiss
A guest so lovely. At the long delay
Young Henry too was pleas'd, with secret love
Towards Ophelia burning. For what youth
Can look on woman beauteous as the morn
With tearful eyes emerging from distress,
All penitence and sorrow—and not love?

Is there a man whose iron heart is proof
Against such charms? Lay not his bones by mine.
For should they touch; 'twere like a sudden spark
Let fall by chance among the nitrous casks
Lodg'd in the bowels of a ship of war,
Which in a moment blows her to the Moon.

He lov'd, but only lov'd in secret. Then
When Ernest was retir'd, and to his books,
So custom'd, with the ev'ning sun withdrew,
He sat admiring by Ophelia, laugh'd,
And read the news, and chatted. Vex'd was she
To find the lover in his words and deeds,
And pray'd him to desist. The more repuls'd
The more love labours. With assiduous care
He watch'd her ev'ry motion, at her side
From morning until night. He drank her smiles,
With one kind look enliven'd and refresh'd
More than old Earth, with all her vernal show'rs
And Summer suns. He fed upon her words,

A banquet

A banquet sweeter than the food of gods,
And not less musical than Heav'n's high feast,
(Though all were true the dreaming poet feigns)
When he, the archer with the silver bow,
Smote the resounding lyre and charm'd the ear
Of flumb'ring Jove.

Yet was not love so pure
But the fond Henry's heart would sometimes burn
With brutal hope. Thanks to your care and pains,
Ye public tutors, who inform'd his mind,
And made him learned, but not made him good.
Of duty and of honor what knew he ?
Directed never to the word of truth,
And gleaning all his notions from the world.
So in his heart he nourish'd base desire,
And thought it not inhuman to design
The ruin of Ophelia. To her door
Thrice at the dead of night he softly crept
Purpos'd to tempt her, but the door was lock'd.

Not in despair he drew her maid aside,
And gave her gold, and promis'd to give more
Would she his purpose favor, and forget
To lock Ophelia's door, or leave the key,
Or bring it to his chamber. She agreed,
But told Ophelia of his base intent.
Perplex'd was she, and her distracted mind
Labour'd till ev'ning to invent a plan
Of sure escape. She knew her maid not false,
For she had heard him at her chamber door
Thrice struggling for admittance. Shall she go
And tell the gen'rous Ernest that his son
Plots her destruction ? Shall she wound the heart
Of honest Friendship with a tale so black ?
No ; she resolves to quit his roof by stealth,
And dare the fang of poverty again.

So when the time of rest was come, and night
Muffled in gloomy clouds, without her moon,
Drew to her darkest hour ; while the hall lamp

Yet

Yet in the socket blink'd, and yet was heard
The sound of noisy servants gone to bed,
She left her room, and silently unbar'd,
Unbolted, and unlock'd the outer door,
Lifted the latch, went out, and drew it to,
And fled. Happy she was, for her good heart
Approv'd the virtuous deed, and to itself
Teem'd with congratulation.

But where now

Shall houseless Virtue find a waking friend ?
Where shall her sleepy eye be clos'd in peace ?
Who will regard her sighs, and strew the couch
Of kind indulgence for her weary limbs ?
Silent and cold she travel'd ev'ry street,
But saw no friendly light and heard no voice
Save at the public inn. And there a ring
Of clam'rous bacchanals, involv'd in smoke,
Sat roaring o'er their cups. Each in his turn
Bray'd uncouth song, half drunk and half asleep.

Then

Then loud applause ensued, encores and claps,
Bravos and hearty laughs. The heavy fist
Fell on the table, and with sudden bounce
Thunder'd the transport of the clownish heart,
Till pipes and glasses danc'd upon the board.
She heard and trembled, half inclin'd to fly,
Nor seek the bar alone to ask a bed.
She paus'd, she gather'd courage, and at length
Went to the door.

But what was thy distress?
What was thy grief, thy terror, and thy pain,
Hapless Ophelia, when thy searching hand
Found not the purse, when recollection told
'Twas left at Ernest's in a private drawer.
She stood amaz'd, by twenty thousand fears
At once assaulted. She withdrew and wept.
She measur'd back her steps to Ernest's door,
Approach'd with caution, try'd it, found it fast.
In exquisite despair she sat awhile

Half-

Half-perish'd on his threshold. She arose,
In doubt to live or die. To a small brook,
Silent and deep, she sped with rash intent,
But just upon the brink stopt short and thought.
She saw beyond the grave eternal life
Fill'd with no good for her, if rashly thus
She ran a base deserter from her post,
And rush'd into the land of ease and rest
Uncall'd and uninvited. On her woes
She once again look'd back, and found them woes
Deserv'd by indiscretion; woes severe,
Yet woes to be averted by one act,
One little easy and becoming act
Of dutiful submission. Her vex'd heart
Recoil'd with horror at the wicked thought
Of self-destruction. To the king of Heav'n
She rais'd her hands and eyes, and wept for shame.
Soon as the morning dawns her purpose is
Home to return, and humbly to intreat
Elmer's forgiveness. So with mind compos'd
She walk'd and sigh'd, and wish'd the night away
Along the meadow path.

At

At length a breeze

Blew from the east, and rent the fable clouds
That all night long had veil'd the starry Heav'ns.
From many a cheerful loophole thro' the gloom
Peeps the clear azure with its living gems.
Fast flies the scud, and now the glowing dawn
Stands unobscur'd upon the mountain's top,
Her lovely forehead with a waning moon
And her own brilliant day-star grac'd. The clouds,
Still floating overhead, touch'd by the beam
Of the slow sun emerging from the deep
(But to Ophelia's eye not yet reveal'd)
Are fleeces dipt in silver, dappled pearl,
And feathers smoother than the cygnet's down;
Here red and fiery as the ferret's eye,
Here dun and wavy as the turtle's breast.
The fainting stars withdraw, the moon grows pale,
And the clear planet, messenger of light,
Hides in the splendor of returning day.
The mountains are on fire. The forest burns

With

With glory not to be beheld. The Heav'ns
Are streak'd with rays from the relumin'd east,
As from the center of a flaming wheel,
Shot round. The sun appears. The jovial hills
Rejoice and sing, the cheerful valleys laugh.
All nature utters from her thankful heart
Audible gratitude. The voice of man
Returning to his labor fills the land.
The Shepherd whistles and the cow-boy sings.
The team with clinking harness seeks the field.
The plough begins to move. The tinkling flock
Streams from the fold and spots the dewy down.
The mounting bell upon his axle swings
And fills the country with his cheerful note.
Wak'd at the sound, the daw has taken wing
And skims about the steeple. Lo! the smoke
Ascending from a thousand chimney tops
And by its upright course presaging calm.
Hark! how the sawyer labours with his saw,
The joiner with his hammer and his plane.

The

The farmer's wife comes jogging to the town,
Timing her ditty to old Dobbin's foot.

The railing fish-dame follows with her panniers.

The chimney-sweeper bawls. The milk-maid cries.
The black-smith beats his anvil, and the dray,
Stage-coach and waggon lumber thro' the streets.

Then to the town once more Ophelia turn'd,
And briskly stepping thro' the busy street,
Went on to Elmer's. Thrice she halted, thrice
Her heart misgave her, thrice she firmly vow'd
Not to retreat. To Elmer's gate she comes,
Throbbing with hurry, and her trembling hand
Scarce dares to lift the latch. She hears a noise,
And like the tim'rous hare with ear erect
Stands lift'ning, and surveys the country round.
'Twas nothing but the woodman at his work.
So on she went, at ev'ry perching bird
Surpris'd, and startled at the falling leaf.
In a bye-way she walks that thro' a wood.

Leads to the house, and now beholds a seat
In former days belov'd and often sought,
On ev'ry side from the cold wind secur'd
But open to the south. To it she speeds,
But ere she enters, listens and looks round.
Nothing was heard. So fainting with fatigue
Here she resolves to rest. Once more she stops,
And looking round, steps in and takes her seat.

Close at her side sat Elmer with his book.
She saw. Her heart rebounded with surprise.
She shriek'd, she sunk, and fell upon her knees
Pale as a corpse. The good old man beheld
With glad astonishment, forgave her all,
Cheer'd and supported her, bade her revive,
And with her flowing tears mix'd his. 'Come, come,
' All shall be well,' he said. ' Bewail no more,
' Elmer forgives.' She fell upon his neck,
Lovely contrition! and he wip'd her eyes,
Chaf'd her pale hand, and warm'd her cheek with his.

She

She promis'd never to offend again.

He hush'd her sorrow and would hear no more.

Ye proud transgressors, who expunge no crime
By just acknowledgment and honest tears,
Ye stubborn hearts, where malice ever reigns
A stranger to forgiveness, look on these,
And see how noble 'tis to own a fault,
How generous and godlike to forgive it.

Together long they sat, and he was kind
And she was thankful. From her downcast eye
Sorrow still fell, and on her burning cheek
Glow'd the fine crimson of ingenuous shame.
He bade her be compos'd. He sooth'd her heart
Lab'ring with sighs. He took his book and read.
It was a fable. 'Ay,' said he, 'most just.
' This Poet much delights me. Hear, my child.
' 'Tis a short story of an aged oak.
' And a presumptuous brier. I'll not read,

' But

• But tell it, lest thy ear unus'd, despise

• And little relish the rude Poet's style.

† There grew upon a Kentish green
What once a stately Oak had been.
His arm was large and wide display'd,
And oft the shepherd sought his shade,
And here his panting flock would rest
By summer's burning heat opprest.
High was his head and vast his shield,
He stood the sov'reign of the field.
But soon were past his better days,
And now his aged arm decays.
The burning lightning strikes his head,
The glories of his brow are dead.
His branch is bare and waste with worms,
His trunk consum'd and beat by storms.

† Spenser's Calendar, February.

E

Hard

Hard by a haughty Brier grew
(In youth and beauty much like you)
And shelter'd by the faithful tree
Was vigorous as plant could be.
Returning summer clothes her now,
And fragrant blossoms deck her bough.
The nightingale her leaves among
Warbles her sweet nocturnal song.
And ever to her branch so fair
The lasses of the vale repair,
And she her blossoms freely show's,
And fills their bosoms with her flow'r's.

So sought, she grew exceeding proud,
And oft was heard to vaunt aloud,
And once upon a time was bold
To scorn the Oak for being old.
‘ Why stand’st thou here, thou surly block,
‘ Nor fruit nor shadow yields thy stock.

‘ Behold

‘ Behold how my gay flow’rs are spread
‘ In lily white and crimson red.
‘ Behold my leaves so fresh and green,
‘ My verdure fit to clothe a queen.
‘ Thy wasted branch takes needless room,
‘ And spoils the beauty of my bloom.
‘ The mouldy moss which thee destroys
‘ My smell of cinnamon alloys.
‘ Be gone, nor dare to make defence,
‘ On pain of my displeasure, hence.’

So spake the Brier, proud and vain.
The Oak look’d down with great disdain,
And scorn’d to answer such a weed,
Once humble, but now proud indeed.
He griev’d to think his friendly arm
Had shelter’d her and kept her warm,
Had screen’d her from the storm so rude,
And yet she had no gratitude.

It chanc'd upon a future day
The Husbandman came down that way,
Accustom'd yearly to walk round
And view the trees upon his ground.
Him soon the spiteful Brier spied,
And thus in haste complaining cried :
‘ O thou, the author of my life,
‘ Be pleas'd to put an end to strife.
‘ On thy protection I rely,
‘ O grant me succour ere I die.’

Mov'd at the Brier's piteous plea,
The good man rested on the lea,
And bade her in her plaint proceed ;
When thus began the haughty weed.

‘ Was I not planted by thy hand
‘ To be the primrose of the land ?
‘ In spring to shine in flow'ry suit,
‘ In autumn yield thee scarlet fruit ?

‘ How

‘ How comes it then this furly Oak,
‘ So wounded by the thunder’s stroke,
‘ Whose ancient trunk invites the fire,
‘ Dares to such tyranny aspire ?
‘ Forbidding me to charm thy sight,
‘ And hiding from me day’s sweet light.
‘ His heavy branches beat me sore,
‘ I weep, he vexes me the more.
‘ And oft his greedy worms alight
‘ And gnaw my tender buds in spite,
‘ Forbidding my sweet flow’rs to blow,
‘ To make a chaplet for thy brow.
‘ And oft his bitter leaves are shed
‘ Disgracing my fair flowery head.
‘ O deign my suff’rings to assuage,
‘ And rid me from the tyrant’s rage.’

She said. The Husbandman deceiv’d,
Was at her hardships sorely griev’d,

And home to fetch his hatchet went,

Resolv'd to give the plant content,

He comes, and with repeated stroke

Cuts down at last the aged Oak.

And low he lies bewail'd of none,

While the proud Brier stands alone.

But now with storm severe and keen

Imperious Winter sweeps the green,

And breaks the Brier's tender shoots,

And spoils her branch and tears her roots,

The watery wet weighs down her head,

The north-wind almost nips her dead,

Scarce able now to stand upright,

The falling snow subdues her quite.

Her folly then she 'gan bemoan,

And griev'd to think the Oak was gone.

But then it was too late to weep,

Her branch was nibbled by the sheep ;

Wounded

Wounded and hurt she cannot rise,
The cattle browse her as she lies,
And trample on her till she dies.

Ophelia felt the Fable, and again
Shed free contrition. Elmer took her hand,
Kiss'd her and rose. Together then they went,
And much was he rejoic'd to hold again
The jewel he had lost. He led her home,
Bade all his house be glad, restor'd her all,
And she was happy as her heart could wish.
With tears she welcom'd her forsaken room,
Her joyful servant, her delighted dog,
Her bird, her work, her instrument, her books.
She feels the value of a friend at home,
She inwardly resolves to love him well,
And shun the friendship of the world for ever.
Then to her heart sweet peace again return'd,
And grief forsook her. Not a trace remain'd
Of all her misery, save now and then,

As she reclin'd upon the sofa's arm,
A hearty sigh, and now and then a tear
Wip'd silently away from her clos'd eye.
Fatigue subdued her. On her arm she lean'd.
Soft slumber seal'd her lips, and with a look
Where sadness mingled with returning joy,
And like the morning had a dewy smile,
She fell asleep. Now, Painter, fetch the brush.
Give me a faithful copy of that face,
And call it *Penitence*. The person too,
The attitude, the unaffected grace,
That hand and kerchief, those neglected tresses,
And all that sweet derangement, paint them well,
Not daring the addition of a hair.
I will not think there is a soul on earth
Could look on such a picture and be calm.
All shall commend it, for I tell thee, friend,
The eyes that are now fix'd upon that maid
Are more in number than the stars of Heav'n.

Angels,

Angels, Archangels, yea, the King of Kings,
They all behold her, and they all applaud.

This tale for you, ye ever-restless fair,
A zealous Poet wrote. Of Woman much
He dreams, much speaks. He loves you passing well,
And would direct you in the wholesome paths
Shall make you lovely; shall improve the charms
Which nature gives you here, and when they fade
Shall make you worthy of a place in Heav'n.

Come then and learn, thou lovely friend of Man,
Main-spring of all his actions good and bad,
Learn all thy duty in one word, *obey*.

Ye infant belles in the high bloom of youth,
Impatient of restraint, be subject still,
And dread the moment when a forward tongue
Shall prompt you to renounce the good advice
Of those who lead you. To the lover's voice

Listen

Listen with caution. Try him for an age.
Look with a piercing eye thro' all his ways
At home, abroad. The heart sincerely yours
Shall dare the ordeal. But the man who flies
And flinches from the trial, loves you not.
Fear not that Virtue shall neglected live,
Neglected die, if woman's heart be cold
And cautious to engage. Wait for the man
Who merits much, and if none such appear
(For 'tis a world that scarce deserves your love)
Then live unwedded and unwedded die.
Scorn the contemptuous sneer of little minds,
Of wives who feel the yoke, and forward maids,
And dare be happy tho' ye live alone.
Regard the cautions of the friend at home,
For as pure gold surpasses tinsel, so
The friend at home exceeds the friend abroad.
Be dutiful, and ever as the plague
Shun discontent, the cruel foe of beauty.
She o'er the features of uneasy youth

Rides a consuming fire. Be all the charms
Of Eden spread before her, look behind
And nothing shall be seen but dismal waste.
Sweet Patience, daughter of the morning, seek.
Call, and she comes, and with her rosy Health,
Twin sisters, arm in arm. Be these, ye fair,
Your constant handmaids, ye shall need no grace.
They shall adorn you with unfading charms,
Among the lilies of the forehead plant
Composure sweeter than the smile of May,
And lasting as existence. They shall bring
Bloom to the cheek and crystal to the eye,
Mirth to the heart and music to the tongue.

and the following day

the 26th of May

the 27th of May

the 28th of May

the 29th of May

the 30th of May

the 31st of May

the 1st of June

the 2nd of June

the 3rd of June

the 4th of June

the 5th of June

the 6th of June

the 7th of June

the 8th of June

the 9th of June

the 10th of June

the 11th of June

the 12th of June

the 13th of June

the 14th of June

the 15th of June

the 16th of June

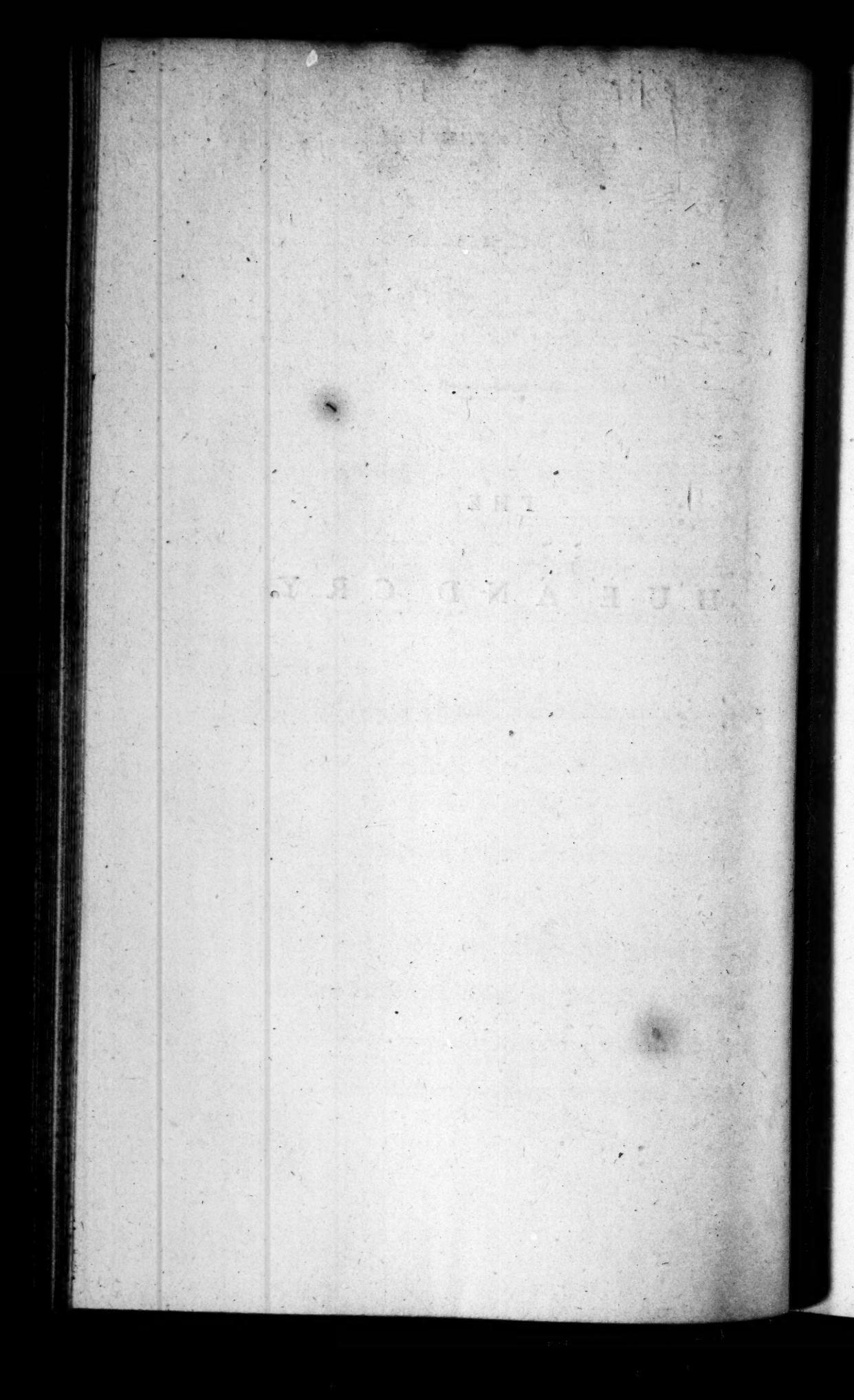
the 17th of June

the 18th of June

the 19th of June

the 20th of June

THE
HUE AND CRY.



T H E
H U E A N D C R Y.

○ Y E Z, my good people draw near,
 My story surpasses belief,
 Yet deign for a moment to hear,
 And assist me to catch a stray thief.

Have you chanc'd a fair damsel to meet,
 Adorn'd like an angel of light,
 In a robe that flow'd down to her feet,
 No snow on the mountain so white.

Silver flowers bespangled her shoe,
 Amber locks on her shoulders were spread,
 Her waist had a girdle of blue,
 And a beaver plum'd hat had her head.

Her steps an impression scarce leave,
She bounds o'er the meadow so soon ;
Her smile is like Autumn's clear eve,
And her look as serene as his moon.

She seems to have nothing to blame,
Deceitless and meek as the dove ;
But there lives not a thief of such fame,
She has pilfer'd below and above.

Her cheek has the blushes of day,
Her neck has undone the swan's wing,
Her breath has the odors of May,
And her eye has the dews of the spring.

She has rob'd of its crimson the rose,
She has dar'd the carnation to strip,
The bee who has plunder'd them knows,
And would fain fill his hive at her lip.

She has stol'n for her forehead so even

All beauty by sea and by land,

She has all the fine azure of Heaven

In the veins of her temple and hand.

Yes, yes, she has ransack'd above,

She has beggar'd both nature and art,

She has got all we honour and love,

And from me she has pilfer'd my heart.

Bring her home, honest friends, bring her home,

And set her down safe at my door,

Let her once my companion become,

And I swear she shall wander no more.

Bring her home, and I'll give a reward

Whose value can never be told,

More precious than all you regard,

More in worth than a house-full of gold.

A reward such as none but a dunce,
Such as none but a madman would miss,
O yes, I will give you for once
From the charmer you bring me, a kiss.

PANTHEA.

EXCELSIORICA

PANTHEA.

A

POEM.

Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum. HOR.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE story of the following Poem is taken from the *Cyropaedia* of Xenophon, a work “whose natural and un-“ affected beauties (to use the words of Mr. Rollin) “ are sufficient to justify the singular esteem, which “ persons of good taste have ever had for the noble simplicity “ of its Author.” It is not however closely copied from the Greek. The Poet has borrowed as much as he thought for his purpose and rejected the rest. Where History failed him he has had recourse to invention, and has sometimes substituted imaginary occurrences in the room of real. This he trusts will not be looked upon by the candid reader, as a very heinous misdemeanour. He challenges a privilege, which even Aristotle allows him, of telling his story in his own way, without regard to truth and the Historian. Such as wish not to be transported into the regions of poetical illusion, may employ themselves more profitably, and perhaps more to their entertainment, by consulting the original.

P A N T H E A.

To arms, to arms, my buckler and my spear,
 My steeds, my chariot. To the bloody field
 I follow fair Panthea, hapless Queen,
 Young, beautiful and wise, who left a court
 And spurn'd a life of solitary ease,
 Preferring love and war. To Susa's King,
 Brave Abradátes, she had giv'n her hand,
 And sworn eternal truth. He by a Prince,
 Whose tyrant frown gave law to Babylon,
 And shook with terror many a subject throne,
 Was summon'd to collect his little force,
 And with the numberless Assyrian host

Spread desolation o'er the trembling realm
Of Cyaxáres. For the Median king,
Wonderful arrogance! some winters past,
Had dar'd oppose him as he led the chace,
And chanc'd to trespass on his kingdom's verge.
Young Cyrus too, his nephew, had presum'd
To dip his arrow in Assyrian blood.
So to the fight he led his num'rous host,
Thirsty for vengeance. On a boundless plain
He met his foe advancing, Cyrus first,
Then Cyaxáres, and Tigranes last,
A triple host of Persians, Medes, Armenians.
Sharp was the conflict, and the Monarch fell.
A second day so bloody who could wait?
So when the sun withdrew and night approach'd,
And welcome darkness their retreat conceal'd,
They fled inglorious, fled, but fled in vain,
For ere the morrow's peaceful sun went down,
Cyrus pursued, and guided by a light

Held

* Held by some angel to direct his march,
His flying foe o'ertook. Then rout ensued,
Terror and death, captivity and grief.
Then was Panthea lost. The loveliest fair
The populous East could boast, became the prey
Of Persia's active Prince; not so obtain'd
Had Abradátes been her only guard.
But he was absent, by the haughty king
Sent ere the day of battle to invite
The Bactrian Monarch to support his arms.
So was his treasure lost, and doubly watch'd -
Is borne in triumph to the brazen gates
Of mighty Babylon. Now she returns

* This circumstance, of a preternatural light shining over the army of Cyrus in the night, affords a beautiful instance of the truth of prophecy. When Xenophon informs us it was so remarkable, as to fill them all with awe and reverence towards the Gods and confidence of success in their enterprize, we can no longer doubt but the God of Israel was really with the Prince, *and held his right hand to subdue nations before him.* The Historian himself, when he considers the events which happened at this time to encourage him to proceed, cannot help acknowledging that matters seemed to be conducted in his favor (*Ὥιως πώς*) by divine interference.

To weep and pine upon the utmost bounds
Of joyous Media. There the Persian Prince
Commands his army to repose a while,
And to the court of Cyaxares sends
A speedy messenger. For he was wroth
Left by the eager Prince, what time he rose
To chace the routed foe, elate with joy
And drunk with wine. So when the morning shone,
And he arose to lead his army home,
He found a barren field, his forces gone,
And none to tell him of their destin'd rout.
He scowl'd indignant o'er the desert plain,
Sent couriers to upbraid the daring Prince,
Bade his departed Medes that hour retire,
And red with anger to his court return'd.
The Prince, desirous to appease his wrath,
Waits on the Median frontier, and prepares
A noble portion of the public spoil
To sooth his rage.

Meantime

Meantime the captive Queen,
Adjudg'd to Cyrus as his proper prey,
Laments and fears. He, of the pris'ner's ease
More studious than his own, appoints a youth
Araspes nam'd, to give her of the best,
And make her prison joyous. Well he knew
Not to be merciful but ill becomes
The man who follows fortune, and expects
To meet with mercy in the time of need.

‘ Araspes’, said the Prince, ‘ repeated proofs
‘ Oblige me to conclude the total world
‘ Cannot produce a friend more true than thee.
‘ Thou wast my chief companion when a child,
‘ We were as brothers in our boyish days,
‘ And with our years the seeds of friendship grew.
‘ We were in wishes and pursuits alike,
‘ Inseparable still when the loud chace
‘ Call'd us abroad, and the grey morning stood
‘ On the bleak mountain's top. We still are friends.

‘ One

‘ One soul informs us, and one heart directs,
 ‘ To thee then I commit the captive Queen.
 ‘ Treat her with tenderness, with ready eye
 ‘ Detect her wants, deny her nothing; quick
 ‘ To do her pleasure and prevent her wish,
 ‘ And ever jealous to preserve with care
 ‘ The treasure of thy friend.’

‘ Most worthy Prince,’

Replied the youth, ‘ my heart with joy o’erflows
 ‘ To find the pleasures of our infant days
 ‘ Are yet remember’d. To Araspes’ mind
 ‘ Our morning’s chace, our noon and ev’ning sports,
 ‘ And all the gay amusements of our youth,
 ‘ Return as duly as the day begins,
 ‘ As duly as it ends, I burn to think
 ‘ How Cyrus lov’d me once, and with what grief
 ‘ And mutual tenderness we parted then,
 ‘ When he to Persia and her court return’d,
 ‘ And I to desert Media. Still I feel

‘ Lively remembrance of that painful hour
‘ When all the widow’s sorrow fill’d my eyes;
‘ When for the smile of my departed friend
‘ In all our custom’d walks I look’d in vain,
‘ And found no solace but the robe I wear,
‘ The last kind present of his gen’rous hand.
‘ My love was honest, and the sweet regard
‘ Thy looks have shewn me since we met again
‘ Assure me such was thine. This latest deed
‘ Confirms my happiness. I cannot doubt
‘ But Cyrus loves me still. The captive Queen,
‘ The treasure of my friend, I’ll duly watch,
‘ Guard and preserve her as a gem unpriz’d,
‘ And study her contentment as my own.’

‘ So shall thy love to Cyrus,’ said the Prince,
‘ Be well express’d, and to reward thy care
‘ Cyrus shall love thee as his friend for ever.
‘ Remember then the purport of thy words,

‘ Guard

‘ Guard and preserve her as a gem unpriz’d,
‘ And study her contentment as thy own.

‘ But let me ask thee,’ said the gen’rous youth,
‘ Hast thou beheld the captive? No. Thy eye
‘ Is too intent upon the schemes of war
‘ To look aside at beauty. I have seen her,
‘ And surely nothing ever breath’d so fair,
‘ Nothing so lovely. When her fate was known
‘ I went with many others to her tent.
‘ Soon as we came, we saw upon the ground
‘ A group of females seated in disguise.
‘ But one there was encircled by the rest
‘ Who seem’d by nature of more lovely mould
‘ Than her fair fellows. She was veil’d indeed,
‘ And hung her head, and look’d upon the ground,
‘ But ev’ry motion dignity betray’d,
‘ Spite of concealment. As we spoke they rose.
‘ Blind were the eye that could not then have seen
‘ Which was the Queen. Tho’ all about her shone,
‘ And

‘ And ev’ry individual form excell’d,
‘ Yet was she noblest, and as far surpass’d
‘ Their feeble merit, as the morning star
‘ Outshines the train of night. Such was the Queen
‘ Eclips’d in humble habit, silent, veil’d.
‘ She stood awhile regardless of our words,
‘ And precious sorrow ran in silver chace
‘ Down to her feet. We bade her be resign’d.
‘ ’Twas the hard fate of war. But when we came
‘ To speak of love, humanity, and thee,
‘ She rent her clothes, and rais’d her hands to Heav’n,
‘ And pour’d such tender lamentation forth
‘ Had wrung compassion from a marble heart.
‘ In the warm transports of excessive grief
‘ A sudden effort put her veil aside,
‘ And, ere she could replace it, I beheld
‘ More than my tongue can utter in an age.
‘ Eyes of celestial azure full of tears,
‘ Whose drooping lids were over-arch’d with brows
‘ Commanding love and honor; cheeks that bloom’d

‘ All roses and Carnations, neck of snow,
‘ And lips —— But thou shalt see her, Cyrus.

‘ No,’

Exclaim’d the Prince, ‘ let me avoid her charms.

‘ The soldier’s duty is to think of war,
‘ To plan the subtle enterprize, pursue,
‘ Fight, rout, and circumvent the flying foe,
‘ To tread upon his heel by night and day,
‘ And scale his fortress when he little thinks.
‘ The hour not spent in action is an hour
‘ Full of disgrace and shame. I grieve to think
‘ My uncle’s anger has withheld my march,
‘ And still confines me to this little spot.
‘ Had he been patient, and content to rest
‘ While I pursued with our united force
‘ The powerful foe, ere this I would have fought
‘ A thousand battles, would have won the crown,
‘ And everlasting Babylon itself,
‘ And flung her gates all open to receive

‘ The

‘ The friends of Cyaxares. No, Araspes,
‘ I cannot look on Woman yet. I know
‘ One look invites another. Who looks once
‘ Must look again, and he will look and look
‘ Till he can find no moment in the day
‘ Which must not have its look.

‘ What,’ said the youth,
‘ Has beauty so much power? Must the Prince
‘ Tamely submit and crouch beneath her force?
‘ Can she relax the stedfast Persian’s arm,
‘ And make a traitor of a soldier’s honor?
‘ Is not the glory of the battle won,
‘ Of millions routed and a world subdued,
‘ Enough to rouse him from her slender chains,
‘ And make him laugh at bonds? Trust me, my Prince,
‘ Love rules not so. Achilles had his maid,
‘ And Agamemnon his, yet Troy was won.

‘ True,’

‘ True,’ said the Prince, ‘ the citadel was won,
‘ But ten long years were wasted in the siege.
‘ And whence the great delay? Was it not love,
‘ Unconquerable love? ’Twas beauty wove
‘ The golden chain that bound Achilles’ arm.
‘ ’Twas beauty caus’d the Monarch to be base,
‘ And made him sleep upon the Phrygian shore
‘ ’Till Troy decay’d with age. An active king,
‘ And not a slave to love, might thrice have won
‘ A state so feeble in a summer’s night.
‘ But tyrant beauty rules the God of war,
‘ And makes him kneel for conquest. I have seen
‘ The hardy dauntless hero, who defied
‘ The winter’s arrowy congealing breath,
‘ And all night long in his cold armor slept,
‘ Regardless of the angry pelting storm—
‘ That man, Araspes, have I seen so cringe
‘ Under love’s yoke, so fawn and hug his chains,
‘ I could have sworn he had been born a slave,
‘ And never lov’d the deeds of soldiership.’

‘ But

‘ But surely,’ said the youth, ‘ the man so base
‘ Had but the hero’s semblance. To escape
‘ From love and beauty, when the sound of war
‘ Roars in the valley, and the rapid car
‘ Of shouting victory besmear’d with blood,
‘ With panting coursers and impetuous wheels,
‘ Rolls in a sea of thunder on the foe,
‘ Were easy as to snap the slender threads
‘ Wove by the spider to enthrall the fly.’

‘ Believe me,’ said the Prince, ‘ there is a time
‘ When the most ardent spirit yields to love
‘ And is the slave of beauty. ’Tis a law
‘ Of Nature, and her absolute command
‘ Is not to be resisted. We may fight
‘ And deem ourselves invincible to-day,
‘ Brac’d by long toil and strict continuance
‘ Of hardy usage. Yet we are but men,
‘ To the same failures prone. The hour may come
‘ When thou and I by powerful beauty won,

‘ No longer love the glories of the field,
 ‘ But seek enjoyment in the shades of ease.
 ‘ Look to thyself, and let Panthea’s charms
 ‘ Play on thy eyelids like the Winter moon
 ‘ Upon th’ unfeeling rock. Let other eyes
 ‘ Behold with transport; to the beam of love
 ‘ Be thy firm heart all adamant and ice.’

‘ O fear it not,’ replied the youth secure,
 ‘ Though beauty brighter than the Sun at noon
 ‘ Pour all its power on Araspes’ head,
 ‘ He shall be stedfast as th’ unfeeling rock,
 ‘ Strong as the mountain, which outbraves alike
 ‘ The frown of anger and the smile of love.’

So saying he withdrew, charg’d to relieve
 And watch his pris’ner with a cautious eye.
 For now the messenger erewhile dispatch’d
 Spurs to the tent of Cyrus, and informs
 That Cyaxares with a troop of friends

Comes

Comes to expostulate. The Prince in haste
Sounds to the field, and leads the Persian horse
With the whole army of offending Medes
To meet the angry monarch on his way.

The king approaches, and the army halts.
Cyrus advances on his milk-white steed
Haughtily prancing. Cyaxares comes
The pace of discontent. Each quits his horse
And to the midmost plain resolv'd and firm
Marches in silence. Cyaxares' brow
Was dark and gloomy. Disappointment there,
Rage, Jealousy, and Anguish, scowling sat.
On Cyrus' forehead sweet Composure smiled
And conscious virtue. To the frowning king
He stretch'd his hand in peace. He turn'd away
Obdurate, sullen, and in spite of pride
Wept in his army's sight. The prince was mov'd,
And wav'd his hand, the signal to retire.
That instant all withdrew. 'And come,' he cried,

‘ Now let us argue of the mighty wrong
‘ Cyrus has offer’d to the Median king.
‘ Under those waving palms we may have shade,
‘ And hide our actions from the public eye.
‘ Now let us hear what unbecoming act
‘ Makes Cyaxares scorn his sister’s son
‘ With brows of so much anger.’

‘ ’Tis the wrong,
‘ The grievous and intolerable wrong,’
Exclaim’d the monarch with indignant frown,
‘ The daring boy has done me. I was born
‘ Lord of the kingdom on whose bounds I stand,
‘ Yet have I liv’d to be depriv’d of pow’r,
‘ Of dignity and honour, strip’d of all,
‘ And by an enemy I little thought,
‘ By thee, my nephew. Not a prince that breathes
‘ Comes to the field to welcome his ally
‘ Poorly attended as I came to thee.
‘ And where are all my forces? led away,
‘ Decoy’d,

‘ Decoy’d, by bribes and promises allur’d,
‘ Taught to desert me by my sister’s son,
‘ By thee, my nephew. Are they not withdrawn
‘ Obedient to thy signals, but to me
‘ Rebellious and disdainful? Not a man
‘ But look’d with scorn upon his injur’d prince,
‘ When he beheld me with my twenty friends
‘ Advance so meanly, so unlike a king.
‘ O! it was base, insufferably base.
‘ I could have died with pleasure, to have lost
‘ The painful sight of this unwelcome hour,
‘ When my revolted subjects shun their king,
‘ And only bow to his ungrateful nephew.

‘ Peace,’ said th’ impatient prince, ‘ I pray thee peace.
‘ Thy heated mind mistakes thy nephew’s act.
‘ Consider coolly. Let impartial truth
‘ Weigh all my actions. Not a deed is done
‘ But was concerted to advance thy pow’r,
‘ Thy dignity and honor.’

‘ Empty words,

‘ No,’ said the monarch, ‘ thou hast strip’d my throne,
‘ And made my subjects greater than myself.’

‘ I crave thy patience,’ said the prince aloud,
‘ First hear, and then condemn. When the proud foe
‘ Publish’d his haughty purpose, to invade
‘ And desolate thy realm with fire and sword,
‘ Didst thou not send to ask my father’s aid?
‘ Was not a private post dispatch’d to me,
‘ Requesting me to lead my country’s force?
‘ And came I not in haste to join thy Medes
‘ With thirty thousand Persians, chosen youths,
‘ All hardy as the flint? Didst thou not say
‘ Armenia had refus’d her custom’d tribute,
‘ And would not send her stipulated force;
‘ And went not I and shook her feeble throne,
‘ Making her tributary monarch quake,
‘ And gladly send thee twenty thousand foot,
‘ Four thousand horse, and money more than due?

‘ And

‘ And when I join’d thee with my new ally,
‘ And thy ten thousand horse, and num’rous foot,
‘ March’d proudly after us to meet the foe,
‘ Did I not lead the onset against force
‘ Of horse thrice equal, twice as many foot,
‘ Four hundred chariots, and repulse them all?
‘ Where have I injur’d thee?’

‘ Proceed,’ he cried,
‘ Tell of thy actions to the present hour,
‘ All these I grant were good.’

‘ I will proceed,’

Replied the prince, ‘ tho’ ’twas not in my heart
‘ To boast my actions in so proud a tone.
‘ Fell not th’ Assyrian monarch in the fight,
‘ And universal joy dissolv’d the ranks
‘ Of thy transported Medes? Fled not the foe
‘ Under the covert of impending night,
‘ And came not I petitioning some horse

‘ To follow after them ? What were thy words ?
‘ It was thy wish the army might have rest,
‘ And yield a little to the force of joy.
‘ I told thee I would on. ’Twas my request
‘ Such as were willing of the Medes at least
‘ Might bear me company. Consent was giv’n,
‘ Thy free unlimited consent, and I
‘ Went forward with my Persians. All the Medes,
‘ And thy permission justified the act,
‘ With expedition follow’d. So we went,
‘ And hand in hand surpriz’d the flying foe,
‘ And shar’d his treasures, some approving God
‘ Holding a lamp to guide our midnight march.
‘ An army of Hyrcanian horse had joined us,
‘ And Gobryas, an old Assyrian Prince,
‘ Revolted to us, supplicating aid
‘ To punish his proud master for a crime
‘ Not now to be rehears’d. We pitied him,
‘ And full of ardor to the very walls
‘ Of lofty Babylon prolonged our march.

‘ We

‘ We challeng’d the proud king to single fight
‘ Or universal battle. He refus’d.
‘ We pass’d the capital, and dreading nought,
‘ March’d to the fortress of Gadatas, won
‘ A great ally, most hateful to his king,
‘ And ere we left him number’d with our friends,
‘ Cadusian, Sacian, and Hyrcanian troops,
‘ Eight thousand horse, and forty thousand foot.
‘ To Babylon once more—and on my soul
‘ I do believe I should have storm’d her walls,
‘ Have let Rebellion in at all her gates,
‘ And set her crown on Cyaxares head,
‘ But that the fretful monarch held my arm.
‘ I left her safe, and ceas’d to do thee good
‘ For want of thy compliance.’

‘ ’Twas not well,’

Replied the monarch, ‘ Cyrus, ’twas not well,
‘ ’Twas not becoming one whose arm could dare
‘ Deeds so magnificent, to strip my side

‘ Of

• Of ev'ry friend I had. 'Tis true I gave
• Unlimited consent. But were it just,
• Shouldst thou to honor some deserving friend
• Give him permission to take what he would,
• Say were it just that he should strip thy tent
• And leave thee destitute of all thou hadst ?
• Had I by secret practice won thy force,
• And silently departed in the night,
• Were it not grievous when the morning rose,
• Though thy permission justified the act,
• To find thyself forsaken and alone
• And not a Persian left ?

• I grant it were ;
• And if I have displeas'd thee, I repent ;
• I'm sorry for it ; for the nerves of war
• Should ever act in concert. Weigh my fault,
• And freely I repay thee.

• Name

‘ Name it not.

‘ I ask no recompence. To own a fault

‘ Is to repeal it. ‘Twas a deed of youth.’

‘ Now by my honor,’ cried the Persian Prince,

‘ There is such greatness in those gen’rous words

‘ It grieves me to have wrong’d thee. Chide no more;

‘ Let us in union to the gen’ral camp;

‘ Assume the majesty of Media’s king,

‘ And give commandment to thy own again.

‘ To-morrow we’ll consult, whether ’twere best

‘ To disunite our force, and leave the field,

‘ Or brave again the perils of the sword.’

‘ Do as thou wilt. I cherish no dislike,’

Replied the Monarch. ‘ Let us act like friends,

‘ And be the friends we seem. Let not thy foot

‘ Trespass on Honor’s bounds, no more shall mine.

‘ I take thy hand contented. Lead me hence

‘ And shew me all thy glory.

With

With quick step
Cyrus advanc'd and beckon'd to his host.
The horse come flying on the wings of speed.
Their equal-pacing hoofs on the dry plain
Sound like approaching thunder. Hark, the word,
And ev'ry horseman curbs his eager steed,
And ev'ry steed in patient order stands.
Behold the foot, an army undisturb'd,
And moving lightly at the leader's word
Void of incumbrance—at his word they halt.

Then Cyrus smiling bade the Monarch mount,
Gave the known signal, and th' obedient Medes
Followed their King. Himself his foaming steed
Mounted well-pleas'd and tow'rd the general camp
With expedition rode.

Upon a brow
Which overlook'd the white pavilion'd plain,
Where all his pow'r's encamp'd, he paus'd awhile

To

To give his army rest and shew the King,
Ere yet the hov'ring sun withdrew his beams,
His universal host. Wav'd was the land
With tented streets. And here and there a space
Was full of active soldiers, busy still
Some with the lance, and with the arrow some,
Some marching hastily to force a pass,
Some stedfastly defending, some engag'd
To train the fiery steed, and mounted some
On scouring coursers swifter than the wind.
'Twas all confusion to a stranger's eye,
But not to his who was the secret spring
Of ev'ry action seen. With silent joy
He welcom'd the grand prospect, and approv'd
The glorious uproar. Cyaxares smil'd,
And bade proceed. The willing Prince obey'd,
But ere they march'd again, with sudden shout
Commanded all his army to announce
The Prince returning and the King appeas'd.
Three times they shouted. All the plain was still.

Three

Three times the shout return'd. Down the rude steep
They march exulting, and thro' joyful ranks
Come as the ev'ning closes to their tents.

Full in the centre, on a rising ground,
Stood a pavilion of enormous bulk
Prepar'd for Cyaxares. To the door
Cyrus himself conducts him, and withdraws
With promise to attend by early day,
And call his gen'rals to the grand debate.

The monarch enters, and in royal pomp
Receives the homage of his bowing Medes.
With eye transported he beholds the spoil
In frequent presents brought, forgets his wrath,
Banquets, rejoices, and applauds the Prince,
And full of glory to his couch retires.

Now

ep

NOW morning dawns, and the reluctant sun
Slowly ascending from a woody hill,
Fringes the fleeting clouds that cross his way
With fiery scarlet. Cyrus and his train
Wait at the door of Cyaxares' tent.
It opens, and the gorgeous King appears
Array'd in pomp upon a throne of gold.
Nor more delay, but ev'ry tongue is still,
The Monarch rises, and the speech begins.

‘ Princes and friends, as first in years and rank,
‘ So am I first to open the debate
‘ And state the question. Whether it were best,
‘ So many battles won, so many foes
‘ Defeated and repuls'd, so many friends
‘ So many armies gain'd, and so much spoil —

' Whether 'twere best, I say, to keep the field,
 ' Or, satisfied with honor and success,
 ' Embrace the blessings of returning peace,
 ' And to our homes disperse. Speak ye that wish,
 ' Regarding not our presence, well assur'd
 ' We hear the voice of liberty with joy.'

He ended, and Hystaspas thus began.

(A hardy Persian with a soul of fire,
 Daring destruction with as little fear
 As flesh were flint) ' I must declare for war.
 ' Shall we disperse and sheath the sword in peace
 ' Ere we are warm with action? What is done?
 ' We have but rous'd the lion. Shall we fly?
 ' We have but wak'd the bear and stol'n his cub.
 ' And shall we home and lay our weapons by,
 ' Fondly supposing he will let us rest
 ' Unmindful of revenge? To arms and fight.
 ' Expect an onset, for the treach'rous beast
 ' Lurks for occasion to employ his teeth

' And

‘ And glut his malice with a feast of blood.
‘ Or, if ye will, be confident. Disperse,
‘ And leave me only to sustain his rage.
‘ I fear him not, nor will I think of home,
‘ Till I have lop’d this proud Affyrian’s head,
‘ And plac’d his crown upon Gadatas’ brow.’

‘ Yet not alone, brave soldier,’ said a voice,
The voice of Gobryas. ‘ Let an old man
‘ At least go with thee. Most deserving King,
‘ I crave thy patience that I thus presume
‘ To interrupt the council, but my wrongs
‘ Still recent make me bold, and I forget
‘ That nature made me of Affyrian blood.
‘ Let me relate in your attentive ear
‘ The tragic story of my murder’d boy.
‘ I had a son, and his remembrance yet
‘ Is dear to half his country as to me.
‘ His sov’reign, father of this tyrant, saw
‘ And would have made his virtues clear as day

‘ By giving him his daughter. I, rejoic’d
‘ My son should wed the daughter of my King,
‘ Sent him to court. Unhappy day! The Prince,
‘ He who now holds the sceptre, vex’d to see
‘ His deeds outdone, and all his glory lost
‘ In the superior lustre of my son,
‘ Provok’d him to the chace. He thought at least
‘ To have excell’d him in the dart and lance
‘ And agile feats of skilful horsemanship.
‘ But here alike unequal, twice he threw,
‘ Twice miss’d, and twice with after-stroke my son
‘ Transfix’d his game. With disappointment stung
‘ And all on fire with envy, savage dog,
‘ He could no longer hold, but snatch’d a lance
‘ And hurl’d it at my boy. Forgive my tears,
‘ His aim was fatal.’

‘ Base tyrannic deed,’
Exclaim’d Hystaspas, ‘ shall he live for this?
‘ Let us pour lightning in at all his gates,

‘ And

- ‘ And rouse a peal of thunder in his ears
- ‘ Shall shake his palaces to ruins.’

‘ Think’,

Proceeded Gobryas, ‘ think what a change,
‘ Think what a grievous change was there. These arms,
‘ With which I thought to bless a wedded son,
‘ Were bitterly constrain’d to seal his eyes
‘ And deck his bier. Unhappy boy ! the down
‘ Had scarce begun to shew its early growth
‘ Upon his manly cheek, when murd’rous death
‘ Shut up his lips for ever. Nor was he,
‘ This Babylonish tyrant, at the deed
‘ Warm with a spark of pity or remorse.
‘ Oft would the good old King his father weep
‘ And comfort my misfortune, and were he
‘ Yet living, to your tents my worthy friends
‘ I still had been a stranger ; for my soul
‘ Abhors the man who can desert his friend.
‘ But how, when he who slew my only boy

‘ Came to the throne, could I support his arms ?
‘ I thought indeed to have forsook the field,
‘ And sent my son to fight his father’s foes.
‘ But earth had no such happiness for me,
‘ And here I am a destitute old man,
‘ Oblig’d to seek the measure of revenge
‘ From you, my enemies. Will ye disperse
‘ And leave me only to oppose his wrath ?
‘ What can I do against a foe so strong,
‘ Burning with rage for my disloyal flight ?
‘ Remember, worthy Prince, when to his walls
‘ I bore thy challenge. Did he not declare
‘ He not repented he had kill’d my son,
‘ It only griev’d him that the father liv’d.
‘ How then shall I escape ? Think of my wrongs
‘ And think I have a daughter, and will yet
‘ Do much to serve you that my daughter live ?

‘ Afflicted Prince, thy injuries are great,’
Said Artabázus, a designing Mede,

One who abhor'd the field, afraid at heart,
But hid his cowardice with hoary locks,
External zeal, and plausible parade.

‘ Thy injuries are great, but public good
‘ Must not be weigh'd against domestic loss.
‘ ’Twere best that we disperse. Enough is done
‘ To shew the proud Assyrian we can fight,
‘ And dare repel him if he dares assault.
‘ Let us retreat. He will not urge us more,
‘ But conscious of our strength lie still and sleep.
‘ If we presume to stir him up again
‘ Despair may make him valiant, and the Gods,
‘ Offended at our thirst to deal in blood
‘ When justice has been done us, may repent
‘ And thwart our arrogance with great defeat.’

‘ Peace Artabazus,’ said a manly voice.

Chrysantas spoke, an honorable Persian,
Esteem'd by Cyrus, and the first in rank
Next to the Prince, of stature low and mean,

And little of the soldier in his look,
But wise and prudent. ‘ Peace, restrain thy tongue.
‘ Forbode no evil. If thy courage fail
‘ Return to pleasure and domestic ease,
‘ Sleep thro’ the day and die in nature’s course.
‘ Be not a child in judgment. For the mind
‘ In retrograde direction to the body,
‘ And feeble in our youth, the stronger grows
‘ The longer we hold on our course of years;
‘ And when our limbs and these external pow’rs
‘ By which we act forsake us, then within
‘ In her full strength she sits, and pilots home
‘ Unwary youth. It grieves me to perceive
‘ A hoary head in understanding weak,
‘ Shall we disperse with victory elate
‘ And strong with numbers? Shall we shun the foe
‘ Already beaten and aghast with fear,
‘ And give him courage by a mean retreat?
‘ Shall we desert these generous allies
‘ Who purchas’d us security and peace,

‘ And send them home for the tyrannic King
‘ To punish at his leisure? base return.
‘ We once were feeble. Were we feeble still
‘ ’Twere prudent to disperse. But we are strong,
‘ And it were gratitude to fight for these
‘ By whose assistance we defy the foe,
‘ And pay their labors with a lasting peace.
‘ But how shall peace be lasting if we fly?
‘ Tho’ weak myself, and of the puny race,
‘ And no Achilles with the roe-buck’s foot
‘ And giant’s arm, tho’ for attempts of strength
‘ And corp’ral energy I may be rank’d
‘ Last of ten thousand, I declare for war,
‘ Continual war, ’till we have won the realm
‘ Of proud Assyria, all her flocks and herds,
‘ And all the luxury abundance pours
‘ Upon her gorgeous capital; till chains
‘ Have humbled Crœsus, and we see the vine
‘ The fig-tree and the olive bear for us
‘ Their rich autumnal load: ’till Cyrus’ name

' Is echoed from the farthest eastern shore
 ' To Phrygia and the Grecian Hellespont,
 ' And ev'ry wind wafts home a golden fleece
 ' To bless his mild and happy sov'reignty.'

' Brave soldier,' cried the Prince, ' thy prudent voice
 ' Speaks truth and reason. ' Twere enormous guilt
 ' Not to support our generous allies,
 ' Not to be active to establish them
 ' As they for us. My suffrage is for war.
 ' To night, for so these letters have inform'd me,
 ' My father sends, at my request, a force
 ' Of forty thousand Persians. Join'd by these
 ' What need we fear? Who has not courage then
 ' May leave us and retire. Let us be brave,
 ' Let preparation found in all our tents.
 ' Let us build tow'rs and chariots, and invent
 ' Dreadful expedients to confound the foe;
 ' Nor rest till we have quell'd the tyrant's rage,
 ' And laid his mighty city in the dust.'

He ended, and the crowd with one consent
Shouted applause; all but a single voice.
'Twas Artabazus, and he 'gan excuse
His poor advice, but murmur fill'd the tent,
And red with indignation he retir'd.

That moment to the tent Pheraulas came,
And brought deserters from th' Assyrian host.
'Twas their report the disappointed King
And all his army, laden with the spoils
Of their great city, had begun their march
Tow'rd Lydia. 'Their report,' Pheraulas said,
' Spread in an instant thro' the Persian camp,
' And all our army to a single man
' Are up in arms. They say that at thy name
' Affrighted, the proud tyrant seeks a den
' To lock up and secure his mighty treasures;
' And if we march not ere the close of day,
' Before we camp upon Euphrates' banks
' He will have strip'd his gorgeous palaces

• Of

‘ Of all the wealth and plenty they contain.
‘ So will the scanty payment of our toils
‘ Be only to behold where once the king
‘ Lock’d up the treasures which his grandsire won;
‘ Enormous treasures, of whose large account
‘ We all have knowledge, since there are alive
‘ Who yet remember Egypt unsubdued
‘ And her rich neighbour the unsocial Jew.
‘ Such are their hasty words, while we who rule
‘ In vain attempt to moderate their ardor.
‘ Like the loud torrent of the latter rain
‘ They flounce along in their impetuous course,
‘ And sweep all argument away before them.’

‘ Let them go on,’ replied the stedfast Prince
Nothing disturb’d. ‘ ’Tis the weak judgment’s law
‘ Not to abate till it o’erflow its bounds,
‘ And dissipate its force. When time and truth
‘ Have brought them to their scatter’d wits again
‘ They will be temper’d with an easy rein,

‘ And

‘ And our affairs, as they were wont, glide on
‘ In channel undisturb’d. Think ye the king
‘ Would give up Babylon in such a mood?
‘ Trust me, my friends, ’twill be an arduous task
‘ To force him from it. Recollect the day
‘ When to his high and towery walls advanc’d,
‘ I sent out Gobryas, and bade him say
‘ Myself would fight the tyrant, should he dare
‘ In single combat with me to contend;
‘ Or we would all engage him man to man.
‘ Say was his answer such as might betray
‘ A coward heart, or intimate a fear.
‘ Proudly secure, he bade us come again,
‘ For then he had no leisure to fight with us.
‘ Think not the monarch has forsook his city.
‘ Avoids the subtle tyger his fast-hold,
‘ Or flies the lion from his den? ’Tis there,
‘ Growling in darkness, he defies the dart,
‘ And dares thee to come in. And Babylon,
‘ Shall mighty Babylon, Euphrates’ pride,

‘ The

' The world's astonishment, wall'd up to Heav'n,
 ' Gated with brafs, bolted with iron beams,
 ' Be thought too weak to guard a nation's wealth?
 ' Go hence Pheraulas, and report my words.
 ' Tell them the tyrant has begun his march
 ' To purchase Crœsus. I commend their zeal.
 ' And say, if Cyaxares gives consent,
 ' Ere day declines, myself will lead them on
 ' To intercept the king in his return,
 ' And give him battle for his gold.'

He said,

And Cyaxares rose. ' Go on,' he cried,
 ' Go on, brave youth, and build eternal fame
 ' Upon Assyria's ruin. I retire,
 ' * For my attendance will retard thy march.

* Mr. Rollin is of opinion that Cyaxares was only one year
 older than his nephew Cyrus. Upon what evidence he founds his
 conjecture, the author of this poem is altogether ignorant; but
 having found him, in many instances, an incorrect translator, he
 has ventured to believe that he is here also under a mistake. In
 the great hunt mentioned in the first book of the *Cyropœdia*,

Cyaxares

Take of my Medes two-thirds, the rest be mine

To guard my frontiers, and attend my court.

Go, and the Gods be with thee.'

Cyaxares is dispatched by Astyages to be the guardian of Cyrus, who was but a boy. Again, when the king of Babylon's son came to hunt upon the borders of Media, and Astyages met him with an armed force, an active part of the troops were given to the command of Cyaxares; offices for which he can hardly be supposed properly qualified, if but a year older than Cyrus; who was, as Xenophon informs us, at this time not more than fifteen or sixteen. He still adheres to his error, and thinks Xenophon must be mistaken, when he says that the daughter of Cyaxares afterwards married to Cyrus, was much beloved by him when they were children together at the court of their grandfather. Still continuing in this opinion, he ventures to place the marriage of Cyrus much earlier than the historian, an event which could not possibly have taken place so soon, if Cyaxares had been so young. Some historians indeed had said that Cyrus married the *sister* of Cyaxares, but this account Xenophon rejects as not true. Cyaxares, therefore, in this poem is drawn as much older than the prince. His own behavior, and the deference and respect he received from Cyrus, are a sufficient proof that he was so.

At another place Mr. Rollin says that Laborofoarchod was the King who injured Gobryas by killing his son, and forbears to mention the transports of Gobryas and Gadatas, their kissing the hands and feet of Cyrus, and weeping for joy, when Belshazzar was surprized and slain; though the latter circumstance plainly proves that Belshazzar, and not Laborofoarchod, was the man who had injured both.

Again,

‘ Live the king,
 ‘ Long live the king,’ the joyful crowd exclaim’d.
 The army heard it, and repeated shouts
 Round the pavilion thunder’d.

Cyrus rose.

A sudden thought had struck him. He look’d round,
 ‘ And where,’ he cried, ‘ is that brave youth Araspes?
 ‘ It was his custom to assist us much
 ‘ In these our consultations. Is he here?’

No voice replied; but Artabazus rose,
 Araspes’ enemy, with secret ire
 Inwardly burning. For the gen’rous youth

Again, the challenge which Cyrus offered Belshazzar the first time he came to the walls of Babylon, Mr. Rollin makes him offer when he returns again from the territory of Gadatas, at which time, from motives of prudence, he did not approach to be seen from the walls, but marched directly away to the frontiers of Media.

Many more errors of less importance might be pointed out; but the task is invidious, and perhaps too much has been said already.

Had

Had mark'd his cowardice, and in the field,
When the grey rebel would have turn'd and fled,
Pointed his fword, and bade him fight or die.
With envy too he burn'd, because the youth
Was Cyrus' friend, and he was scarce esteem'd.
He rose, and with a traitor's smile began.

‘ I can inform you of the noble youth.
‘ As hitherward I came at break of day,
‘ I met him not far hence with folded arms :
‘ His pace was gentle when I saw him first ;
‘ But as I nearer drew, and mark'd his gait,
‘ Studious to know from what ungracious cause
‘ He was at such an hour unarm'd and idle,
‘ Wont to be ever busy, and with thee
‘ In council first, he turn'd aside and fled.
‘ I came upon him unawares, and couch'd
‘ Under the wood that with its friendly shade
‘ Begirds the lake fast by, of him unseen,
‘ Took notice of his actions and his words.

‘ No

‘ No sooner did he pause, but with a sigh,
‘ As he had lost a kingdom, on the grass
‘ That on the margin grew of the calm lake
‘ He threw himself, and thinking no one near,
‘ Por’d on the pure expanse, himself as still
‘ As the smooth flood, which to the rising sun
‘ Its glowing mirror held without a wrinkle.
‘ At last he spied within the lake a fish
‘ That sported to and fro, and seem’d to joy
‘ In the sun’s genial ray.’ “ Happy estate,
“ Yea, happiest,” said he, “ if thus to sport
“ Be all thy care ; and who but would exchange,
“ And for thy happiness the wide world quit,
“ And be content to dwell in shallow pools.
“ With thee Ambition lives not, nor with thee
“ Pleads the starv’d lover his rejected suit
“ With unavailing tears.” More he had said,
‘ But from the thicket rush’d a monstrous boar
‘ Hot from the chace, and would have slak’d his thirst,
‘ Had not the moody hero, half-surpris’d,

‘ Leap’d

‘ Leap’d up, and bade the bristly fool begone.
‘ I was amazement all, to think unarm’d
‘ He should presume disdainfully to frown
‘ Upon the angry beast, and thought ere long
‘ To see his horrible resentment rous’d.
‘ But he, alike amaz’d to see the boy
‘ Look grim, and threaten, fled into the wood
‘ Growling. He unappal’d again laid down,
‘ And when I left him was intent to mark
‘ And moralize the actions of a fly.
‘ Soon after, as I pass’d the captive’s tent,
‘ I ask’d her servants of him ; whether love
‘ Had not prevail’d, and he his amorous suit
‘ Pleaded unheard. Suspicion was confirm’d.’

‘ Go then,’ exclaim’d the prince, ‘ and tell the
‘ youth
‘ He wrongs me. Bid him hasten to my tent,
‘ And say I wait his coming. We mean while,
‘ When Cyaxares has dismiss’d the court,

‘ Will see what farther preparation needs

‘ To set us on our march.’

The council rose.

Each to his tent return’d. Then all the camp

Resounded with applause, and frequent strokes

Of ardent preparation. To the tent

Of sad Panthea Artabazus speeds,

Proud of his office, and resolv’d at heart

To vex the noble youth, and sting him deep

With all the wasp’s resentment.

With the queen,

Caught in the chains of love, Araspes stands,

Just enter’d from his lonely tedious walk.

All pity, and all admiration he,

And she all gratitude and grief. She wept

To think herself a captive, and no more

The queen of Abradates. Yet a smile

Would often dissipate the clouds of grief,

And

And make her sorrows lovely as the morn
Sparkling with dews. Transported he look'd on,
Alive to nought but love. Behold her now
Administ'ring sweet comfort to her friend,
Breathing the sighs of love, not understood,
But deem'd by her the symptoms of fatigue.
She thought, perhaps, some undermining grief
Had found a secret way into his heart,
Unmerited as her's. Or from the chace
And toilsome labours of the field return'd,
His strength was spent, and weary nature crav'd
Needful refreshment. 'Wilt thou eat?' she cried,
'What shall I give thee to recruit thy strength?
'Sit down and let me serve thee.'

'Lovely woman,'
'I am not weary,' said the thankful youth,
'Hunger and thirst are strangers to my lips,
'For who could thirst or hunger, let his eye
'But feed like mine upon Panthea's cheek?'

‘ Let me gaze on, and gaze an age away.
 ‘ At such a feast, great gods, who envies you
 ‘ Your nectar and ambrosia?’

‘ Noble youth,’

Replied Panthea, with a downcast eye,

‘ Alas ! I fear thou wouldest beguile my heart,
 ‘ And rob it of its love to Abradates.’

‘ Fear not,’ he cried, ‘ Upon a soldier’s word,
 ‘ I would not wrong thee of a moment’s peace
 ‘ To be the monarch of the universe.’

‘ I kneel and thank thee,’ said the grateful queen.

‘ Rise, rise !’ exclaim’d the youth ; ‘ those charms
 ‘ By such a posture must not be disgrac’d.
 ‘ ’Tis mine to kneel, and thine to be ador’d.
 ‘ Heav’n gave no majesty to me. This hand
 ‘ Bears not a sceptre, nor this head a crown.’

‘ Yet thou hast virtues,’ said the rising queen,
‘ Bright as the train of heav’n. To such are due
‘ Humblest obeisance, nor need majesty
‘ E’er blush to yield it, though it sway the world.
‘ O gen’rous youth, thy kindness has reviv’d
‘ The recollection of more happy days.
‘ It was for such a man, so good, so great,
‘ I spurn’d the pleasures of domestic life,
‘ And sought the field to be Love’s minister.’

‘ ’Twas nobly done. Repent it not,’ he cried,
‘ Virtue may suffer, but she cannot fall.
‘ All her deserts are register’d in heav’n,
‘ And the great gods themselves have sealed their bond
‘ That she shall live and prosper. Shall we pine,
‘ And be dishearten’d with a day of grief,
‘ When the same hand which brought affliction on
‘ Retains its pow’r, and can with equal ease
‘ Remove it?’

‘ Oh ! I blame it not,’ she said,

‘ Adversity is good. I had not known

‘ How much I ow’d to Heav’n, if bitter chance

‘ Had not reduced me to this painful hour,

‘ And should the gracious gods again restore me,

‘ To the fond arms of that deserving man,

‘ Whose absence is the loss of all I love,

‘ I shall be blest indeed ; blest as those gods

‘ Who live for ever, blest in him, in thee ;

‘ In him my husband, and in thee, my friend,

‘ He shall love thee, and thou shalt honor him ;

‘ For he is hon’rable, and so art thou ;

‘ And I will love you both, him first, then thee,

‘ O happy, happy days ! Shall I be free ?’

‘ Thou shalt be free,’ exclaim’d the am’rous

‘ youth,’

‘ I swear thou shalt. But wilt thou love me then ?

‘ Canst thou love Abradates and love me ?

‘ A man

‘ A man so dignified,’ replied the queen,
‘ By virtuous actions, ev’ry soul must love.
‘ I love thee much, but not like Abradates.
‘ He is my husband. All my heart is his,
‘ And ’tis through him I love thee, for I know
‘ He too will love thee. If he disapproves,
‘ Then must not I esteem. But he is great,
‘ And will repay thy goodness to his queen
‘ With many a charity, and many a smile.’

‘ Yet if I make thee free,’ rejoin’d the youth,
‘ Wilt thou not love me with an equal share
‘ Of pure affection? Say the Sufian king
‘ First won thy love, and first obtain’d thy hand,
‘ Yet did he never save thee from the chain
‘ Of galling servitude.’

‘ An equal share
‘ Of pure affection,’ said the virtuous queen,
‘ It is not in Panthea’s pow’r to give.

‘ I thought, indeed, I could love none but him,
‘ Yet has thy goodness made me love thee much,
‘ I cannot say how much, but be assur’d
‘ I love thee much, yea more than all mankind,
‘ Save him.’

‘ Yea most of all,’ exclaim’d the youth;
‘ I see confession lurking in thine eye,
‘ And, but for modesty, thou hadst declar’d
‘ Thou lov’st me only. Come then, let me seize
‘ That honey’d kiss, that on thy crimson lip
‘ Stands sentinel, and longs to be reliev’d.’

‘ Away, away, nor drive me to despair.’

‘ What,’ said the baffled youth, ‘ is one poor kiss
‘ Too great a gift for him who makes thee free ?
‘ Is gratitude a debt so soon discharg’d ?
‘ But I will not upbraid thee. Happily yet
‘ Thou wilt bestow it, and art now so coy
‘ Only

‘ Only to make it sweeter half refus’d.
‘ Come then and let us cancel love’s account.
‘ Be all the gratitude a friend deserves
‘ In one sweet kiss collected, and by Heav’n
‘ I will not ask for more. Must the brave soul
‘ Which never felt a sorrow of its own
‘ Yet of a neighbor’s grief by choice partakes,
‘ Must that brave soul no recompence receive?
‘ It were a tax indeed on charity
‘ To be so hardly used.’

‘ Yet the brave soul,’

Replied Panthea, with a stedfast look,
‘ Never requires a recompence so large,
‘ That to bestow it we must wrong another.
‘ Kneel not, for all intreaty shall be vain.
‘ Thou shalt not move me tho’ thou weep a sea.
‘ Command a gift I may in justice give,
‘ Thou shalt obtain it though it make me poor
‘ For ever and for ever.’

‘ Love

“ **After that Love me then,**”
Exclaim’d the youth.

“ **I love thee much,**” she said,
 ‘ **And I shall love thee more,** as time unfolds
 ‘ **And opens all thy virtues to my view.**
 ‘ **But with unbounded love I cannot love thee,**
 ‘ **Ask it no more.**’

“ **It is enough,**” he cried,
 ‘ **I give thee mine, unbounded as the sky,**
 ‘ **And as the ocean deep. O lovely queen,**
 ‘ **Beauty usurps the empire of my heart,**
 ‘ **All its affections — Artabazus here!**
 ‘ **What would you, soldier?**’

“ **Why that frown, Araspes?**”
 Said Artabazus, with a look of scorn,
 ‘ **What! is a soldier’s duty done so soon,**
 ‘ **He may be lavish of his time and wit,**

‘ **And**

‘ And spend his patience at the fruitless siege
‘ Of foward beauty, never to be won?’

‘ A truce to thy reproaches,’ cried the youth,
‘ Or thou shalt quickly my resentment feel,
‘ And bitterly repent thy coming thus
‘ Boldly intrusive.’

‘ Silence, saucy boy,’
Said Artabazus with an angry frown,
‘ Nor think, were I unarm’d, and we alone,
‘ Thy magisterial threats should seal my lips.
‘ Cyrus himself has sent me to thy tent,
‘ And charg’d me to upbraid thee for neglect.’

‘ Be still a moment,’ the vex’d youth replied,
‘ And spare thy malice till convenient time
‘ Gives us occasion to converse alone.’

‘ We

‘ We are alone,’ the frowning chief replied,
 ‘ The captive is retir’d. Is it thy fear
 ‘ The public mouth should chatter of thy fault ?
 ‘ ‘ Tis in the lips of ev’ry one. Myself
 ‘ Heard it in council. ‘ Twas the common talk
 ‘ Of all the soldiers as I past their tents.
 ‘ Is this the man who once so stoutly fought,
 ‘ First in the field, and at the council first,
 ‘ Cyrus’ right hand, the soul of bravery,
 ‘ So tame, so gentle, so befool’d by love,
 ‘ A mighty hero by a purblind child ?
 ‘ Is there a soldier but thyself would kneel
 ‘ And pray for conquest, love-sick boy ?’

‘ Peace, peace,’

Araspes cried. ‘ Restrain thy venom’d tongue,
 ‘ Nor speak of love as if it were unfit
 ‘ The hardy soldier’s heart should give it room.
 ‘ The Gods themselves have lov’d, and we are Gods
 ‘ When our hard hearts have learn’d to love like them.
 ‘ Accuse

‘ Accuse me not. It is a mystery
‘ Not to be understood of thee, old man,
‘ Who in the savage acts of murd’rous war
‘ Hast lost humanity and kind regard,
‘ And all thy better self, deriv’d from Heav’n,
‘ So strangely forfeited, that of the man
‘ Nothing remains but the mere wither’d husk.
‘ Put up thy sword. Be valiant in the field.
‘ Fight with the enemy. To shed his blood
‘ Were just and hon’rable. To thirst for mine,
‘ Tho’ I provoke thee with no wish to live,
‘ Is base and cowardly. Put up thy sword.
‘ Thy arm is paralytic; see, it shakes.
‘ I could disarm thee with a rush. The tongue —
‘ That is thy weapon, with the tongue contend.
‘ Batter my ears. Be bitter as revenge,
‘ As pride and disappointed hate can make thee.
‘ I will endure it, for I fear thee not.’

‘ Insulting

‘ Insulting boy,’ exclaim’d the hoary chief,
Staring with fury, ‘ proud insulting boy,
• I would have cut thy love-fick heart in two,
• Have shed thy blood, and trod thee under foot;
• But I despise thee, I despise thee, boy.
• I will not kill thee, for that beardless face
• Was born but yesterday. I’d sooner dip
• My polish’d weapon in a chicken’s blood,
• Than stain it with the crimson streams that warm
• Those maiden cheeks of thine. Live, love, and sigh.
• Think not of Cyrus. Bid the Prince be gone,
• And fight his bloody battles by himself.
• I told him of the youth who rose betimes,
• Regardless of his summons, and when I
• Went to the council, in the morning sun
• Bask’d on the woody brink of yon smooth lake.
• I told him of the fish, the boar, the fly,
• And how the water to his frequent sighs
• Stood all attention, and in silent scorn
• Smil’d at the follies wrought upon its banks.

‘ I told

‘ I told him that the Queen had won his Mede,
‘ And he dispatch’d me to upbraid the boy.
‘ He bade me tell him that he did him wrong,
‘ Unpardonable wrong, and must that hour
‘ Come to his tent. That hour has long been gone,
‘ And I will hence and tell him that the Mede
‘ Scorns his ambassador and fears not him.
‘ Go, trusty soldier, fly the Prince’s wrath,
‘ Employ thy sword in the Assyrian’s cause,
‘ And let ingratitude imbrue her hands
‘ In her own country’s blood. Thou art not safe
‘ Within these tents ; let me advise thee, fly.
‘ Stay not, for Artabazus is thy foe,
‘ And Artabazus has the Prince’s ear.’

He said and left him. Heartily ashamed
He stood, he walk’d, he wept. Surely the Prince
Was not so angry as the soldier said.
Is there no room for pity ? Are all hearts
Inflexible as thine, O lovely woman ?

He knew the Prince considerate and kind,
And his great soul might yet perhaps forgive.
He would not fly, for that were to renounce
All chance of happiness. Shall he be bold
And go to Cyrus? Shame and fear forbid.
Shall he pursue the Queen? Love whispers ay,
But duty and the mandate of the Prince
Thunder an awful nay. Perplex'd with doubt,
Thrice he approach'd Panthea, thrice retir'd,
Thrice knit his brows, and ventur'd to the door,
And thrice withdrew, not daring to be seen.
At length determin'd to obey the Prince,
He left his tent, and marching thro' the camp,
Came with slow step to his pavilion door.

OLD Artabazus was at Cyrus' ear
Infusing poison. With a traitor's tongue
He magnified Araspes' fault, yet whin'd
And even wept as he pursu'd his tale,
That seeming pity, and a show'ry eye
Might hide the purpose of his envious heart.
He thought to stifle friendship, and divert
Cyrus' affection from the noble Mede,
Hoping preferment in Araspes' fall.
But Cyrus knew his envy, knew his hate,
Knew his ambition. With attentive ear
He heard his tale, commended his regard,
But gave no credit to his hollow grief.

‘ Fear not,’ he cried, ‘ the youth may yet be wise.
‘ See where he comes with solemn aspect, slow

‘ As aged Priam following to the tomb
 ‘ His warlike son. How heavy is his grief!
 ‘ How largely he repents ! His downcast head
 ‘ Hangs like the morning lily drown’d in dew.
 ‘ Leave us together, and prepare to march.
 ‘ By this time our allies have struck their tents,
 ‘ And wait our orders to proceed. Strike thine,
 ‘ And hold thy Medes in readiness to move
 ‘ At half a moment’s warning. Quick, begone,’

He went in haste, but ere he reach’d the door
 Araspes enter’d. With a fiery eye,
 That flash’d with indignation and disdain,
 He pass’d him haughtily, and frown’d a curse
 For his unhop’d obedience. The griev’d youth
 Regarded not, but hasted to the Prince.

He purpos’d to have spoke, but sudden shame
 Put fetters on his tongue, and made him dumb.

‘ And can there need a surer proof of guilt,’
 Exclaim’d the Prince, transported at the sight,

Than when the culprit stands before his judge,
Silent and self-accus'd? Is conscience' voice
So powerful, that e'en a soldier's tongue
Dare not say nay to her?

He said and paus'd.

The youth abash'd replied! 'O worthy Prince,
I am ashamed to look upon thee. Guilt
Of blackest nature stares me in the face,
And my base heart that just resentment dreads
Its strange ingratitude deserves.'

'Fear not,'

Replied the Prince. 'There is not much to blame:
To fail is human, and the soldier's lot
Is often to miscarry. 'Twas not thine
To strive with love and beauty, and prevail.
I told thee 'twas not, when thy forward zeal
Boasted its power to outbrave alike
The frown of anger and the smile of love.

' The hero's heart is neither steel nor flint.
 ' Youth in the pow'ful rays of beauty's noon
 ' Is ice before the sun. As soon expect
 ' Snow to be stedfast in the midst of flame,
 ' As youth to look on beauty and not love.
 ' Twould melt a mountain, 'twould dissolve a world.
 ' Be wise in future, and believe thy friend,
 ' That Babylon may lose, but love will win.
 ' Cyrus may conquer all the realms on earth,
 ' But love still triumphs, and may conquer him.'

' O Cyrus,' said the youth, ' thy gen'rous heart
 ' Is all compassion to the man who needs.
 ' I ever found thee willing to forgive,
 ' And hide the faults of thy deluded friend.
 ' Would all that follow thee were like thee good.
 ' How scornfully did ev'ry one I past
 ' Hold up his head, and whisper to his fellow.
 ' Each thought himself superior and me fall'n.
 ' One with more friendly purpose than the rest

• Advis'd

‘ Advis’d me not to meet thee, but revolt,
‘ And draw my sword in the Assyrian’s cause.
‘ I heard him not, for I had known thee long,
‘ Had felt thy goodness oft, and did not fear
‘ But Cyrus would forgive me once again.’

‘ Regard them not,’ replied the Prince and sinil’d
‘ The Gods themselves have lov’d, ’tis hon’rable.
‘ It is the vulgar’s error still to blame
‘ Where reason lies beyond the shallow reach
‘ Of their unletter’d wit. Think no more of it.
‘ I have forgiv’n, and they shall all ere long
‘ Regard thy deeds with wonder and amaze,
‘ If I may venture to unfold so far
‘ The book of future time. Hast thou a wish
‘ To do me service?’

‘ How is’t possible?’

Exclaim’d the youth, ‘ inform me, and I fly
‘ Upon the wings of lightning to my task.’

‘ Look out upon my army,’ said the Prince,
‘ Behold my tents all struck, my horse and foot
‘ Ready to march, my chariots and my tow’rs
‘ All harness’d. Cyaxares is appeas’d,
‘ And with a third part of his Medes return’d.
‘ Before an hour expires, this num’rous host
‘ Moves on to meet Belshazzar, and his friend
‘ The Lydian Cræsus. Fifteen days and nights
‘ We must go forward, ere we reach the spot
‘ Where I propose to intercept their route
‘ And give them battle. I would learn mean time
‘ What their force is, how arm’d, and how dispos’d.
‘ Go then, and under color of disgrace
‘ Mix with the enemy and mark their strength.
‘ Rumor shall say, “ Araspes in disgust
“ Is fled from Cyrus,” and by rumor led,
‘ They shall admit thee to their whole designs.
‘ So shall we learn the utmost that we need.’

‘ It shall be done,’ replied the ready youth,
 ‘ Say that I fled thee angry at reproof,
 ‘ And ere another and another night
 ‘ Have drawn their spangled curtains overhead,
 ‘ I’ll be at Crœsus elbow with a tale
 ‘ Shall melt the most obdurate heart to pity.’

‘ ‘Tis well, brave youth,’ replied the Prince. ‘ But say
 ‘ Canst thou forsake Panthea?’

‘ Ah!’ he cried,
 ‘ At that dear name my fear’d wound bleeds afresh.
 ‘ ‘Tis music that would make a savage tame.
 ‘ It overwhelms, my soul, and my fond heart,
 ‘ Convuls’d at the sweet sound, recoils and faints.
 ‘ I have two souls (such impious sophistry
 ‘ Love teaches me) which, like two mighty Kings,
 ‘ Ever contending for the sov’reignty,
 ‘ Stir up sedition and revolt within me.
 ‘ While we converse together, and I feel

‘ Secret correction from the bolt of truth
‘ Shot home, my better soul in triumph rides,
‘ Borne on the wings of reason to her throne.
‘ But when Panthea with the rebel sides,
‘ She comes with power not to be withstood,
‘ Contends with reason’s self, and overturns
‘ The throne of her adopted. Once again
‘ My better soul, by revolution strange,
‘ Sits on her throne. O Cyrus, I am thine
‘ Yet wholly. To confound thy foes I fly
‘ With all the good-will of an honest heart,
‘ Which never feels itself so much at large
‘ As when it serves so generous a friend.’

‘ Go then,’ replied the Prince, ‘ and there report
‘ Whate’er, as done by us, may most prevent
‘ And mar their future plans. When we advance
‘ To dare immediate battle, then return,
‘ And ere they change their order we will on.

- Use thy best judgment and a good event
- Attend the undertaking. Say no more.

He ended, and Araspes to his tent
Return'd, not joyful, but with sullen look,
Partly dissembled, partly not assum'd,
Since love has sadness that no brow can hide.

His steed he mounts, and with a chosen few
Rides unsuspected to the utmost camp,
Passes the guard, and to his stedfast friends
Reveals his purpose. They provoke their steeds,
And fly like arrows from the giant's bow.

'Twas needless to pursue. Then rumor spread.
An universal buzz went thro' the camp
And came to Cyrus. Some surprize he shew'd,
But no dejection; bade the herald sound,
And gave his orders to begin the march.

That moment all was motion. Over hills,
Thro' vales and plains the multitudinous host

Mov'd

Mov'd like an inundation, Dreadful 'twas
To hear the prancings of th' impatient horse,
To mark the various nations as they past,
To see the glitt'ring of a million spears,
To look upon the mountains cloth'd with shields
Tremendously resplendent, to behold
The hollow vales with crowded chariots fill'd,
And pond'rous tow'rs that thunder'd as they went,
So terrible it was, the very earth
Trembled and was afraid, conscious perhaps
That he who led them was the sword of God,

Not far the march. The Prince commands a pause,
Lest a too speedy progress leave behind
Or implement, or carriage, or aught else
Future necessity may wish at hand,

Meantime Chrysantas from the captive Queen
Repairs to Cyrus. Since the march began,
Oft had she urg'd him to acquaint the Prince

That

That Abradates was Belshazzar's foe,
Tho' bound to serve him. 'Twas her warm request,
The Prince would give permission that a slave
Might to the foe desert, and letters bear
To Abradates. He was brave, she said,
And doubtless would not hesitate to come,
Kindly invited. So Araspes' flight,
By her occasion'd, should be thrice aton'd,
And Abradates should support his arms
With all the pow'r of Susa. Cyrus bow'd,
And gave permission. Then the army mov'd.
Night follow'd, but the crescent moon was up,
Her globe half fill'd, and held her cheerful lamp
Bright and unclouded to direct their way.

TWELVE nights and days thro' the proud tyrant's
land
They push'd their march with unabated zeal,
Accustom'd to fatigue, and scarce content
To pause, while Nature her lost strength renew'd
With food and rest. The thirteenth night departs.
There was an humble hill oppos'd their march,
Cover'd with wood, and to the eye rotund,
As if thrown up by some enormous mole.
A party is dispatch'd, who climb its steep,
And reach its summit with the morning sun.
They look abroad, and hastily return.
The army halts. Intelligence arrives
The plain before them is alive with men

Removing

Removing cattle, and collecting stores.
The utmost prospect was a cloud of smoke,
Or dust uprais'd by the repeated tread
Of an approaching army.

Two I��ured ～～～～～～～～～～～～～～～～～～

Take a troop,

‘ And go, Chrysantas,’ said the Prince, in haste,
‘ Surprize and seize, that we may learn the truth,
‘ And gain due knowledge of the foe’s design.’
Chrysantas went, not staying to reply.

Then Cyrus bade the herald sound his horn.

Ev’ry commander to the Prince repairs.
He with a smile receives them, and at length
Commanding silence, thus unfolds his heart.

Noble companions, let me thank you much.

‘ Your perseverance thro’ this toilsome march
‘ Makes me your friend for ever. You bright sun
‘ Has twelve times risen with unclouded face,

' Thirteen times has yon waning moon shone clear
 ' Upon our weary progress. Fifteen days
 ' I thought would bring us to this cheerful spot,
 ' But we have reach'd it ere the thirteenth sun
 ' Began display his beams. So much I owe
 ' To your exertion and unwearied zeal.
 ' Already half our purpose is fulfil'd.
 ' What yet remains is to engage the foe,
 ' And share his opulence; no painful task
 ' To heroes tried and resolute as you.
 ' Behold Chrysantas. Let his way be clear'd.
 ' Now, soldier, what success?

' Most worthy Prince,
 ' The greater part betook them to the woods.
 ' These only we surpriz'd, and have brought back
 ' Unhurt.
 ' Place them before us,' said the Prince,
 ' Now friends, will ye prefer the loss of life,

' Or

- Or give us true reply to what we ask
- Of Croesus and Belshazzar

- Let us live,
- We are content to answer thee with truth.
- Are ye Assyrians?

• Noble prince we are.

- The purpose of your coming?

- Food for ourselves, and fodder for our horse;
- For such our numbers, that our stores are short
- And insufficient.

- Say they aught of us
- In the Assyrian camp?

• That

“ That ye approach, ev'ry one,
 ‘ And even now are here.’

“ Seem they compos'd,
 ‘ And seriously resolv'd to make us rue
 ‘ A deed so bold?’

“ The terror of thy arms
 ‘ Is great amongst them, and so much they dread
 ‘ To meet thy Persian files, that ev'ry tongue
 ‘ Turns prophet, and foretels their overthrow.’

“ Prepare they to receive us?”
 “ Three whole days
 ‘ Have been consum'd in ordering their force,
 ‘ And practising manœuvres for the fight.

“ Who bears the chief command?”

“ Crœsus the chief.

“ But

‘ But with him are engag’d two others, one
‘ A Greek, the other a young Mede, who fled,
‘ If common fame be true, from thee.’

‘ My friends,’

Exclaim’d the Prince, dissembling, ‘ that false youth
‘ Araspes, who when I rebuk’d him fled,
‘ Disdaining admonition, and now turns
‘ His arms against his country, and his friend.
‘ Ye know I lov’d him, and he had a soul
‘ Ere this disgrace of prime nobility.
‘ ’Twas full of bravery, and great exploit,
‘ So duly temper’d, and so finely cast
‘ In Virtue’s mould, it had her very form
‘ And perfect image. Should success be our’s,
‘ Let no man’s sword be pointed at his breast.
‘ Take him alive, and let him live for ever,
‘ To curse the torment of eternal shame.
‘ Take hence the pris’ners. Little time remains,
‘ My brave companions. We must act, not speak.

L

‘ Yet

‘ Yet if there be who wishes to be heard,
‘ Say on.’

Then Artabazus with grave look
Thus to the Prince began. ‘ I told thee, Sir,

‘ That forward younker had a traitor’s heart.
‘ He hated me, because I mark’d his ways,
‘ And would have sham’d him to a better course.
‘ I said he would desert, and on my soul
‘ I think it were but prudent to demur,
‘ And weigh the danger of immediate fight,
‘ Forsook by one who could betray our strength.
‘ ’Twere not amiss perhaps to pause awhile,
‘ I will not say ’twere simple to retreat.’

‘ What,’ said the Prince, displeasure in his look,
‘ Shall we retreat and measure back our steps
‘ In such unmanly mood ? I grant he knew
‘ And could inform them of our utmost strength.
‘ But why, our strength being known, should we despair,

‘ And

- ‘ And think the glorious Gods will less befriend us?
- ‘ I must confess, it is my earnest wish
- ‘ To join immediate battle, ere the foe
- ‘ Collects more force. If wiser heads dissent,
- ‘ Let me this once be by myself advis’d.
- ‘ Hence with deliberation that obtrudes
- ‘ Thus on our councils. Dare be young again.
- ‘ Take up thy sword, and by activity
- ‘ And vigorous assault, let it be said,
- ‘ We won the day. I am ashamed to see
- ‘ A single traitor has such weight to turn
- ‘ And blunt the edge of thy aspiring. What!
- ‘ Shall we retreat with fortune at our heels?
- ‘ Shall we be gone, and tell our countrymen
- ‘ That when all Asia could not stay our march
- ‘ And turn us back, we fled and were subdued
- ‘ By our own womanish fears? Give me my sword.
- ‘ I will alone set on. And were there left
- ‘ Enough of day, I would not covet rest

‘ Till death had purchas’d me a glorious grave,
 ‘ Or Lydia’s king were captive at my feet.’

‘ Nor I,’ exclaim’d Hystaspas, ‘ for to fall
 ‘ With one so noble were to die a God.
 ‘ What were it then to conquer and to live ?
 ‘ I hate this cautious, pigeon-hearted fool,
 ‘ Who noses danger as the carrion fowl
 ‘ Pursues the carcase. ’Tis his proper food.
 ‘ He hunts it all the day with eager scent,
 ‘ And ever finds it where it never was.
 ‘ Who seconds him ? Friends, let us sound retreat.
 ‘ Affyria comes and there’s and a smell of blood.
 ‘ Hark ! let us hide. How terribly their swords
 ‘ Blaze in the sun ! We shall be all consum’d
 ‘ Like flax before the fire. What, silent all ?
 ‘ Must Artabazus and myself alone
 ‘ Retreat, and tell the story of our loss ?
 ‘ One is enough. Go, Artabazus. Go,
 ‘ Tell them at home how headstrong and perverse

Our army was, and how, the foe at hand,
Of ten times twenty thousand who advanc'd,
None had the prudence to retreat but thee.
Go, and be speedy, or I'll first be there,
With tidings of a glorious victory
Shall make thee die for envy.'

Loud applause

Cut short his speech. Then Artabazus bow'd
And 'gan apologize, but none would hear.
His tongue was silenc'd with a gen'ral hiss.

The Prince proceeded. ' Then depart, my friends
Each to his station. When the heralds sound
Move gently on. We must extend our march,
Till we have pass'd this hill and reach'd the plain.
There we'll refresh us and prepare for war.'

The crowd disperses and the heralds sound.
The foremost host to right and left divide

And pass the hill, which as they pass it seems
A floating isle. But never isle was wash'd
By such a fearful sea as pass'd that hill,
A sea of men and armour, spears and shields,
Horse-men and chariots, and slow-moving tow'rs,
Frowning distress and mischief. On they march,
And, past the utmost border of the plain,
Give what remains of day to food and rest.

Scarce had they halted when report arrives
A pow'r of horse were galloping the plain.
Before the rest a smaller force, who seem'd
By their much speed sent forward to dislodge
Some Persian horse, upon a rising ground
Just station'd. ' Go Chrysantas, said the Prince,
' Take thirty horsemen and support our friends.
' Hystaspes follow with a thousand more
' And watch the motions of the greater force.
' Should they in haste retreat, pursue them not,
' Lest they beguile thee to an ambuscade.

- ‘ If any come, and with extended arms
- ‘ Promise surrender, bring them home in peace.’

Then came a stranger to the Prince’s tent,
And brought him notice that two thousand horse,
Revolted from the foe, without the camp
Wait his commands. They were the Sufian force
By Abradates led, whose captive Queen
Remains a pris’ner in Araspes’ tent.

- ‘ Receive them kindly,’ said the Prince well-pleas’d,
- ‘ The noble captive has fulfil’d her word.
- ‘ Go to the King. Conduct him to his Queen.
- ‘ I would not interrupt a moment’s joy
- ‘ So well deserv’d.’

He said, and to the King
Pheraulas hasten’d, told the Prince’s words,
And led him forward to Panthea’s tent.
He with impatience follow’d, took his leave,

And rush'd into the tent with longing eyes,
Eager to hold the treasure he had lost.
She with a muse's eye reclining sat,
And thought of Abradates. Hope and fear
Alternately possess'd her troubled heart,
She never slept but Abradates came,
She never wak'd but he was absent still,
She thought it long, yet knew he would revolt,
And therefore deem'd some froward accident
Had disappointed his intended march.
So when the King with transport in his looks
Enter'd her tent, she thought it was not truth,
But all a vision. Yet she rose and ran,
She threw her arms about him, and exclaim'd
‘ My Abradates ! Do I wake or sleep ?
‘ Art thou my Abradates ?’

‘ Yes, I am,
‘ And thou art my Panthea,’ said the King,
‘ Once more restor'd.’

‘ And

And do I once again
Embrace my Abradates? Gracious Gods!

‘ Yes, we are once more met,’ replied the King,
‘ Nor did I think there was so sweet an hour
‘ In all the train of time. Why weeps my love?
‘ Sorrow so prodigal—I would have said
‘ Better became the painful adverse hour,
‘ But thou hast taught my stubborn eye to melt
‘ And play the child. Come, come, look up and
‘ smile.
‘ To sigh and sob shall be thy lot no more.
‘ Speak, let me hear thee speak. How hast thou
‘ done?’
‘ Never so ill, but that this happy hour
‘ Is more than recompence for all.’

‘ My care,’
Said Abradates, ‘ was not for myself,

‘ ’Twas

‘ Twas all for thee. For never sleep oppres’d
‘ My weary eye-lids, till I heard from hence
‘ Cyrus was good and my Panthea safe.
‘ Judge of my grief, what bitter pains I felt,
‘ When after hasty marches we return’d,
‘ And I was eager to behold my love
‘ Never so long from Abradates’ side,
‘ Since first we wedded, funder’d—judge, I say,
‘ What misery was mine, to find my tent
‘ Stript of its treasure, and Panthea lost.
‘ How did I rave? How madly did I curse
‘ The fatal hour that brought thee to the field?
‘ And yet methought the mighty Gods were good,
‘ And would restore thee. For the pious soul
‘ Is ever intimate with Heav’n above,
‘ And may with happy confidence foretell
‘ Its own prosperity. But say, Panthea,
‘ How hast thou done the while?

‘Th’ indulgent Prince,’

Replied Panthea with a smile of love,

‘ Gave me protection, and in honest truth
‘ I felt all happiness that could be mine,
‘ Alone and from thee funder’d. I was free,
‘ And should not have known sorrow, but that *there*
‘ Where Abradates is not at my side,
‘ There is a void and vacancy in bliss
‘ Which none but he can fill.’

‘ To suffer pain,’

Rejoin’d the King, ‘ to sorrow and be sad

‘ Is half the business of the life of man.
‘ Summer and winter are in all we feel.
‘ To-day we riot and are drunk with joy,
‘ Gay as the insect floating in the sun.
‘ To-morrow loss o’ertakes us. Silent grief
‘ Gnaws at the heart and showers at the eye.
‘ Distress consumes us, we are sick with care,
‘ And last of all, to fill our passion up,

‘ Comes

‘ Comes the cold snow and wither’d branch of ag_u
‘ There are who live and ev’ry day some new,
‘ Some grievous change experience. ’Tis not ou_u
‘ Alone to suffer or to suffer most.
‘ What then becomes us like a mind compos’d
‘ And ever patient come what fortune will,
‘ I joy to think Panthea could be glad
‘ Tho’ sever’d from me, It improves her charms,
‘ ’Tis virtue and ’tis lovely. What avails
‘ A sparkling eye and the heart-winning smile
‘ Of beauty and benevolence divine
‘ In one fair face united, if behind
‘ A veil so admirable dwells a soul
‘ Untemper’d and in virtue unimprov’d?
‘ Virtue alone can give eternal charms.
‘ But beauty without virtue is a rose
‘ Which blossoms in a desert, fades away
‘ Never regarded, and its fragrance wastes
‘ Upon the heedless air.’

‘ O Abradates,

‘ O Abradates,

‘ Thy words remind me,’ said the happy Queen,
‘ Of days once seen and pleasures past and gone.
‘ Such was thy conversation as we walk’d
‘ At early eve, or under hawthorn sat,
‘ To court the frugal beam of the pale moon.
‘ My heart was ravish’d, and my thirsty ear
‘ Drank purest satisfaction. O my love,
‘ How often have I that day call’d to mind
‘ (And never can the lapse of time deface
‘ The recollection of it) when we first
‘ Acknowledg’d love and interchang’d affection.
‘ Did I not tell thee I esteem’d thee much,
‘ Yet would not be a Queen. For I was meek,
‘ And nature made me for the quiet shade.
‘ ’Twas painful to me if a single eye
‘ Observ’d my actions; how could I support
‘ The gaze of thousands? If my burning cheek
‘ Glow’d with such ardor when no soul was near,
‘ How would it shame me in a crowded court?

‘ I told

‘ I told thee I was fond of rural scenes,
‘ Of woods and solitude and lonely vales.
‘ I never lov’d the tumult of resort,
‘ Most happy, when least seen, and not endow’d
‘ By parsimonious nature with such charms
‘ As please the gen’ral eye. How did thy tongue
‘ Flatter my virtues and excuse my faults?
‘ How didst thou praise me that I lov’d retreat?
‘ How often didst thou promise I should live
‘ In woods and solitude and lonely vales?
‘ The world should seldom see me, I should stray
‘ O’er hills and valleys, dales and flow’ry meads,
‘ With no one to attend me but thyself.
‘ No obstacle reluctant doubt propos’d
‘ But love remov’d it. Thus compell’d to yield,
‘ I sigh’d assent, and am not sorry yet.’

‘ Yes, I remember,’ Abradates said,
‘ The ten years siege it cost me to subdue
‘ Panthea’s heart. How many stratagems,

‘ How

‘ How many arts was I oblig’d to learn
‘ To win this little Troy! ‘Twas won at last,
‘ And amply recompenc’d the long delay.
‘ And I remember with what pure delight,
‘ No longer royal, we forsook the world
‘ And sought retirement in the shady vale.
‘ Oft have I thought of those delicious hours
‘ We spent together, walking arm in arm,
‘ As modest Evening with her virgin moon
‘ Softly advanc’d and put her veil aside.
‘ Under the silent hedge-row then we paus’d,
‘ To count the starry host, or soar’d aloft
‘ Upon the gentle wing of contemplation
‘ To the pure regions of eternal day.
‘ And sometimes would Panthea deign a song
‘ Of softest Doric mood, pure strain of love,
‘ Sweet without art, till my delighted sense
‘ With transport thrill’d, and Nature, to the soul
‘ In concord ever and sweet unison,
‘ Put on a lovely universal smile.

‘ Then

‘ Then first in vain the love-lorn nightingale
‘ Warbled her liquid notes, sweet melody,
‘ That Heav’n’s own ear might hear nor disregard,
‘ While I sat arbiter she could not please,
‘ She could not be attended —— Gracious Gods !
‘ I grow a prater, and my hasty tongue
‘ Has been beguil’d to let my words escape
‘ Before they have receiv’d the stamp of sense
‘ To make them current. O my soul’s delight,
‘ I feel such pleasure from this interview
‘ That I am scarce myself. How hastily
‘ The ruddy sun retreats, ashame’d to stay
‘ And hear a soldier spend his time in words.
‘ Let us be talking of events to come.
‘ To-morrow, as I hear, the Persian Prince
‘ Gives Crœsus battle. Near two thousand horse
‘ Revolted with me, veterans well-tried.
‘ With these I would be foremost in the field,
‘ And by some effort shew my gratitude
‘ For his good-will to thee.’

‘ Yes,

‘ Yes, he is good,’

Replied Panthea, ‘ and deserves thy zeal.

‘ He makes the fearful captive bleſs his chains,

‘ And think his dungeon a wide world of joy.

‘ His deeds are all humane, and his great soul

‘ Is ſo divinely temper’d, he commands

‘ Love universal. He is more than Man.

‘ Perhaps ſome God descended from above

‘ To punish Babylon. At leaſt the friend

‘ Of all the Gods, the minister of Heav’n.

‘ Yet tho’ his heart is tender and humane,

‘ To danger, labor, and the loss of reſt,

‘ He is a man of iron. Fame reports

‘ He never ſleeps, but, like the Cynosure,

‘ Thro’ day and night keeps watch perpetual.

‘ His vigilance indeed ſurpasses thought,

‘ And when he reſts he makes the Earth his bed,

‘ The Heav’ns his canopy. He looks on gold

‘ Without deſire, and all his luxury

‘ The open field or running brook ſupplies.

' War is his meat and victory his drink.
 ' To quell a tyrant and redeem a slave
 ' Is his high feast. And such the boundless love
 ' His army bears him, that no insect prince
 ' Queen of the politic unanimous hive
 ' Was ever serv'd more truly. They have borne
 ' Twelve days and nights almost incessant march,
 ' And not a murmur in their tents is heard.'

' I long to see him,' said the King amaz'd,
 ' To hear him speak and wonder at his words.
 ' How shall I find his tent? Yet ere the sun
 ' Hides his warm visage in the glowing west
 ' I must converse with him.'

' And must we part,'
 Panthea cried, ' so soon? I have not said
 ' Half I had purpos'd. My unwearied tongue
 ' Could talk till midnight and leave much untold.
 ' I have not seen thee many many days,

' And

‘ And ev’ry moment I have spent alone
‘ Affords some story worthy to be told.
‘ Yet I will not delay thee. Woman’s tongue
‘ Can make a tale of nothing. Seek the Prince,
‘ Thank him, and do him service?’

‘ Gentle heart,’

Replied the King, ‘ to hear thy charming tongue
‘ Relate the story of our sad divorce
‘ Would never weary my attentive ear,
‘ Tho’ ev’ry moment had a separate tale
‘ Long as the day. But Cyrus is my friend,
‘ To him I owe this happy interview,
‘ And I must do him service. Shall we feast
‘ And never think of him who spreads the board ?
‘ ’Tis hard to leave thee, and I go with pain.
‘ Perhaps I may return ere evening close.
‘ Expect me. Can I miss the Prince’s tent ?’

‘ My servant shall conduct thee. Go with speed,
‘ With speed return. Remember I expect thee.
‘ Meantime my table shall be strew’d with food,
‘ And I invite thee as a welcome guest,
‘ Indeed most welcome: welcome as the dawn
‘ To a lost trav’ler, as the quiet port
‘ To the wind-beaten seaman, as sweet health
‘ To one long sick, as hearing to the deaf,
‘ Eyes to the blind, and plenty to the poor.’

She ended, shed one tear, and gave a kiss
By him requested, by her not refus’d.
He with reluctance, stealing one kind look
And yet another, from the tent withdrew.

AS thus Panthea and the Susian King
In conversation sat, while yet the sun
Hung high in Heav'n, and from his western throne
Smil'd mellow grateful day, to Cyrus' tent
Chrysantas and Hyftaspas from the field
Return successful. Of the thirty horse
Who sped so furiously, not one escap'd.
They all surrend'red ere a sword was drawn.
' And see among the rest,' Chrysantas cried,
' A fearless traitor.' 'Twas the lovelorn Mede,
The brave Araspes. From his seat of state
Started the Prince with countenance of joy,
Met him half way, and welcom'd his return.

‘ What,’ said Hydaspas, ‘ was he false for this?
‘ By Heav’n methinks it is as strange a deed
‘ As were the moon to wander from her course
‘ And kiss the earth.’

‘ Be not surpriz’d, my friends,
Replied the Prince, ‘ Araspes is no foe.
‘ He fled indeed, and fled at such an hour
‘ ’Twas well suppos’d he left us in disgust,
‘ Myself adyis’d it ere our march began ;
‘ And all the purpose of our present pause,
‘ Was that Araspes might perceive us near,
‘ And bring us notice of the foe’s intent,
‘ His strength and order. I should else have march’d,
‘ And tried the courage of Belshazzar’s host
‘ With instantaneous battle. Join your hands,
‘ Forgive and be forgiven. Now, brave youth,
‘ For day declines apace, briefly relate
‘ The number of the foe and whence they come,’

‘ Ye

‘ Ye know,’ replied the youth, ‘ the Lydian king
‘ Had endless treasures. Proud Belshazzar too
‘ Was heir to all the wealth his grandfathers won
‘ From Egypt and Jerusalem. Vast sums
‘ Have been by both expended, to buy friends
‘ To fight for Babylon. The warlike states
‘ Who live upon the fam’d Ægean shore
‘ Along the Euxine to the Caspian wave,
‘ Are all in arms. Thrace has unsheathe’d the sword.
‘ Cyprus has pass’d the waters. Egypt comes,
‘ And all the western nations far as he,
‘ The great Chaldean Monarch, led his host
‘ Triumphant. Araby is rous’d, and brings
‘ Horsemen of fury, chariots swift as wind,
‘ And foot innum’rous as the desert sand.
‘ I saw the remnant of the Tyrian force,
‘ Who cost the victor so much pains to win
‘ Their sea-girt capital. I saw the pow’rs
‘ Of mercantile Phœnicia, cloth’d in gold.
‘ I saw the Lydian and Assyrian hosts

‘ Swarm round their kings in sumptuous liveries,
‘ Thicker than stars about the throne of Heav’n.
‘ None could inform me what the numbers were
‘ Thus met together. Trust me, they are great.
‘ I think as far as eye can judge’—

He paus’d.

‘ As many as our own?’ rejoin’d the Prince,

‘ More than as many more,’ replied the youth.
‘ I think the man who counts them will not find
‘ Less than four hundred thousand. Their whole horse
‘ Are sixty thousand, all the rest are foot.
‘ I mark’d them well, and with a soldier’s eye
‘ Observ’d their order, for the credulous king
‘ Believ’d my story and advanc’d me high.
‘ I was the third in honor, and myself
‘ The chief adviser of their present plans.’

‘ Tell us their order then,’ enjoin’d the Prince.

‘ All

‘ All but the sons of Egypt,’ said the youth,
‘ In one extended line approach, and stretch
‘ From east to west five miles, compact and firm
‘ And thirty ranks in depth. Both horse and foot
‘ Are rang’d alike, the horse on either wing,
‘ The foot toward the centre. Full in front
‘ Stand the Egyptians, with their monstrous shields
‘ From head to foot, short fwords, and dazzling spears;
‘ One hundred twenty thousand chosen men
‘ In twelve divisions of ten thousand each,
‘ Ev’ry division rank’d in perfect square,
‘ That ev’ry side presents an hundred faces.
‘ Such was the mode their ancestors approv’d.
‘ ’Twas Crœsus’ wish to have improv’d their plan,
‘ And stretch’d th’ Egyptian army, like his own,
‘ Till his whole host had stood in thirty lines;
‘ That if thy Persians fell upon his front
‘ There he might yield, while his two wings advanc’d
‘ And clos’d upon thy rear. But they persist,
‘ To ancient custom bigoted, nor seem
‘ Of aught ambitious but security.’

He

He ended, and deep silence reign'd o'er all,
'Till Cyrus, looking sternly round, began.

‘ Are ye dismay'd, my friends? Where is the gay,
‘ The cheerful sunshine that few moments past
‘ Enliven'd ev'ry countenance I saw?
‘ So soon eclips'd and overcast with clouds
‘ Of weak and childish apprehension? What,
‘ Can ye forget, that he who leads the foe
‘ Has been already once repuls'd with loss?
‘ Is it not Crœsus, whom we fought before
‘ At wond'rous odds, yet drove him from the field?
‘ He had an army then, whose swarming foot
‘ Were more in number than our army now
‘ Take horse and foot together. Yet besides,
‘ He had four hundred chariots, and fleet horse
‘ Full sixty thousand. We were few and weak,
‘ Our horse one third, our total foot half his,
‘ And not a chariot seen in all our ranks.
‘ Yet we engag'd him, and the day was won.

‘ We

‘ We fought it bravely, the Affyrian fell,
‘ Conquest was our’s, confusion was the foe’s,
‘ And shall we fear him when he comes again,
‘ Bearing in mind that he was once repuls’d
‘ By numbers more unequal? Shall we not
‘ Assault him rather with augmented fire,
‘ Remembering how he fled and we pursued?
‘ Immortal Gods, if ye so quake with fear
‘ To think of Crœsus and the tyrant King
‘ Thus coming, with what terror had ye shook
‘ Had ye been born supporters of their cause,
‘ And such an army as our own approach’d
‘ To give you battle? Say, we are Affyrians,
‘ And lo! where Cyrus comes, the fiery boy,
‘ Who beat us soundly when we fought him last
‘ And longs to fight again. Flying he comes
‘ Elate with victory and strong with toil.
‘ Shall we oppose him? Grant, that we are many,
‘ He too is num’rous, and he conquer’d then
‘ When we engag’d a lion to a lamb.

‘ Shall

- ‘ Shall we prevail if we engage him now
- ‘ A lion to a lion ? Mark his horse
- ‘ Cloth’d to the ears in armour. — See his lines
- ‘ Of hardy Persians, since we fought him last
- ‘ Doubled, and more than doubled by ten thousand,
- ‘ Who foils a Persian ? Are they not all flint,
- ‘ All steel and iron to the very heart ?
- ‘ Look at his troop of camels. Call to mind
- ‘ That nature ’twixt the camel and the horse
- ‘ Put strange antipathy. Dispatch but one,
- ‘ A million horse shall not abide the sight.
- ‘ Look at his chariots. Can ye count their wheels ?
- ‘ Yet ev’ry axle-tree is hid with scythes
- ‘ As Death were come to make the world his harvest,
- ‘ And these his sturdy ministers stood up
- ‘ To sweep away an empire in a breath.
- ‘ Look at his tow’rs, with skilful archers fill’d,
- ‘ Who sit above like Gods, and from on high
- ‘ Govern the fortune of the war below.
- ‘ Consider this, my friends, and let me ask

‘ Is there among you who presumes to think
‘ Our cause is desperate ? If such there be,
‘ Let him forsake us, and support those arms
‘ He trembles to oppose. The man who fears
‘ May do his country service by desertion.’

‘ Think not, most worthy Prince,’ Chrysantas said,
‘ Our looks are clouded with the gloom of fear.
‘ ’Tis stedfast resolution knits the brow.
‘ It ill becomes us to be brisk and gay
‘ At such an awful season. The great work
‘ We undertake, had need dispel our smiles
‘ And make us grave and serious. When ’tis done
‘ We will be merry. ’Twill be wise to laugh
‘ When we have waded thro’ a sea of blood,
‘ And landed safe upon the shore of peace ;
‘ When Babylon is fall’n and Lydia won,
‘ And all the wealth and plenty of the East,
‘ Her riches, flocks and herds, her corn and fruits,
‘ Reward our perseverance. For myself

‘ (And

' (And I dare answer 'tis the voice of all)
 ' I long to plunge into the roaring flood.
 ' It shall not grieve me, if to win for thee
 ' I pass a torrent fiercer than the Nile
 ' And as her deluge wide.'

‘ ‘Tis nobly said,’

Exclaim'd Hystaspas, ‘ and when tyrants bleed,
 ‘ And justice is the cause our arms support,
 ‘ Who fears to dip his foot, to march knee deep,
 ‘ To travel shoulder high, to swim in blood?
 ‘ Lead us, great prince, into the jaws of death.
 ‘ War is our pastime. We have labor'd long,
 ‘ Retreating, talking, and returning. Now
 ‘ Let's play awhile with axes, scythes, and spears.’

In such impatient mood Hystaspas spoke,
 And rous'd new ardor in the list'ning crowd.
 More he had said, but Abradates came,
 Led by Pheraulas, who with lofty voice

Announc'd the Susian king. No tongue is heard.

All eyes are turn'd to gaze. The crowd divides.

The king approaches, and the prince descends.

With gracious smile he took the monarch's hand,

And bade him welcome to the Persian tents.

He bow'd, and thank'd him. ' And, believe me
‘ Sir,’

He said with swimming eyes, ‘ I had been here

‘ Much sooner to have thank'd thee, for thy care

‘ Of one most dear to me, my captiv'd queen,

‘ But lur'd by conversation ever lov'd,

‘ And once again permitted when I thought

‘ 'Twas ceas'd for ever, I have wasted time,

‘ And been more tardy than a soldier should.

‘ The hour may come, when Cyrus shall be won,

‘ And feel what 'tis to have a faithful wife.

‘ He will forgive me then, nor think it much

‘ That, in the raptures of unhop'd for joy,

‘ I staid

‘ I staid so long a pris’ner to my love,
‘ And am scarce here at last.’

‘ Yes, I forgive,’
Said Cyrus, kindly, ‘ and should pardon still
‘ Had love detain’d thee to the close of day.
‘ ’Tis my delight to see my pris’ners happy.
‘ Panthea’s eyes have shed an age of tears,
‘ A day of joy were little in return.’

‘ She thanks thee, and I thank thee,’ said the king,
‘ But thanks alone can never half expres
‘ How much I am oblig’d. Make me thy friend,
‘ Thy soldier, and thy servant. A few horse,
‘ The little strength of my exhausted state,
‘ Revolted with me. They are few but brave.
‘ Appoint us to some arduous enterprize,
‘ I’ll shew thee how I thank thee by my deeds’.

‘ I love

‘ I love thee for thy zeal,’ replied the prince,
‘ But Mercy has no debt. She spends her own,
‘ And her unfailing bounty pays itself.
‘ Fight with us, and support the Persian arms.
‘ To undertake an arduous enterprize
‘ Is more than I desire. We now consult,
‘ And plan the business of to-morrow’s fight.
‘ Sit down and hear. An honorable post
‘ Shall be assign’d thee. Of the num’rous foe
‘ We ask thee nothing, for this noble youth,
‘ Lately return’d, reported all we need.’

‘ I know his face,’ the startled king replied,
‘ And know he could inform you more than I,
‘ For he was Crœsus’ most regarded friend,
‘ And intimate adviser.’

‘ Hear me then,’

Proceeded Cyrus, ‘ my deserving friends,

‘ This be the order of to-morrow’s march.

N

‘ Commanders

‘ Commanders of ten thousands range your pow’rs
‘ Twelve men in depth, and form one equal line.
‘ On the right wing Chrysanthes lead thy horse.
‘ Lead the same force, Hyrcaspas, on the left.
‘ Commanders of the foot, let such as shine
‘ In suits of proof be station’d in the front,
‘ To brave the onset ; behind these the spearmen
‘ To use their weapons at due distance ; last
‘ Our skilful archers, not too far remov’d,
‘ To shewr their arrows with success. Then march
‘ Our light-arm’d forces, such as we reserve
‘ For unforeseen occasion, and let these
‘ The fearful animate, and cheer the faint ;
‘ And tell them if a soldier turns to fly,
‘ He must be deem’d his country’s enemy,
‘ And put to instant death. To thy command,
‘ King Abradates, I submit my powers.
‘ Range them in order close behind the lines,
‘ To be their refuge and support. Dauchus,
‘ And you, Carduchus, form a double line,

‘ And

‘ And follow Abradates ; let your wains
‘ Of baggage and provision have large room,
‘ That if they mean to compass us about,
‘ Their line, extended to its utmost strength,
‘ May be as feeble as a hoop of air.
‘ Behind the wains lead Artagersas last
‘ Two thousand foot, and the small troop of camels.
‘ Pharnuchus, Asiadatas, be his guard
‘ With each a thousand horse, and ready stand
‘ Both horse and foot for some immediate effort.
‘ Commanders of the chariots, take an helm,
‘ And he whom Fortune to the task appoints
‘ Shall in the front one hundred chariots lead,
‘ To charge upon the deep Egyptian files.
‘ The two remaining hundreds of our chariots
‘ Be rang’d in two divisions on our flanks,
‘ One to the left, the other to the right.
‘ And let them be in readiness to charge
‘ As soon as we command. Now take your lots.’

‘ Great prince,’ said Abradates kneeling, ‘ grant,
 ‘ ‘Tis my most ardent wish, that I may lead
 ‘ Those chariots.’

‘ Generous heroic king !

‘ No,’ said the prince, ‘ such valour is too dear
 ‘ To be oppos’d to so much danger.’

‘ Grant,

‘ At least,’ said Abradates, ‘ I may court
 ‘ Fortune’s decision, and be bound to act
 ‘ As chance determines. Let me try my lot.’

‘ Must I permit thee ? then abide thy fate,’
 Replied the prince, ‘ and Fortune answer nay.

‘ Now shake. ‘Tis fall’n to Abradates. Friends,
 ‘ Let it be thrown again.’

‘ No, on thy word,’

Said Abradates, ‘ I embrace my lot,

‘ Thrice

- ‘ Thrice happy to have won the post I sought.
- ‘ Permit me one thing more. Let my own friends
- ‘ People the chariots nearest to myself.
- ‘ I can rely upon their strictest faith,
- ‘ And will assist thee much.’

‘ Granted,’ he cried,

- ‘ And good success attend on thee and them.
- ‘ Now to your tents. The sun has long been set,
- ‘ And the clear evening-star withdraws apace.
- ‘ Look to your armour, and take early rest.
- ‘ Before day breaks, be up, and feed your steeds,
- ‘ Harness the tow’rs and chariots, and make ready.
- ‘ When light o’ertakes us, and the rising sun
- ‘ Looks thro’ the woody skirt of yon dark hill,
- ‘ We will begin our march.’

So said the prince.

None waited to reply, but to their tents
All silently departed. To his queen

N 3

Went

Went Abradates with no tardy foot,
List'ning with expectation, long she sat,
And wish'd the weary ling'ring hours away.
She scarce believ'd she had beheld the king,
So soon he went, so long he had been gone.
O mighty Love, how wonderful thy pow'r
To make the durance of a life seem short,
Or fill a moment with an age of pain!
Once more the king returns, and see them now,
With hearts at ease, both seated at the board.
Feed on, O happy pair, make much of time,
And lose no moment, for the fun of joy
Is fast declining, never more to rise.

ALL night was heard throughout the Persian camp
The dismal sound of hammers mending shields
Helmets and armour, of the grinding-stone
Wearing the edge of axes, swords and spears,
Arrows and scythes. And now the hungry steeds
Neigh at their cribs, and trample as they feed,
The sound of harness rattling in their ears.
Day dawns, and ev'ry soldier quits his couch.
Then Abradates rose, and look'd abroad.
' My arms,' he cried, ' who brings my arms ? why
 stand
' My steeds unharness'd, and my chariot idle ?
' Make ready, soldiers ; shall we be the last
' To take our stations in the glorious field ?'

Panthea follow'd, and withheld his arm,
Now putting on the armour he put off,
Tarnish'd with age and service. ' Stay a while,'
She said, intreating, ' for the field to-day
' Let me equip thee.' With light tripping foot
She disappear'd, and to the hero brought
A suit of purple wrought by her own hand,
With bracers, bracelets, and a helm of gold
Waving with hyacinth. Such was the work
She oft had meditated, long design'd
Tho' late perform'd, scarce finish'd when he came,
He, with her bounty pleas'd, admiring stood
Full of unutterable love. At length,
' And has Panthea with a pilfer's hand
' Plunder'd herself,' he said, ' in care for me?
' I gave thee gold to ornament thyself.'

' I have bestow'd it where it most becomes me.
' Thou,' said Panthea, ' art my ornament,
' Adorning thee I decorate myself.'

She said, and cloth'd him in the splendid suit,
Tears of affection trickling from her eye.
She strove to hide them, but the hero saw,
And full of pity spoke. 'Why weeps my love?
' Be comforted, and let me kiss away
' Those graceful drops. Be cheerful, gentle heart,
' Oh! why so sad? I pray thee, weep no more,
' Thy tears unman me, and my conquer'd heart
' Has nothing noble or aspiring in it.'

She wip'd her eyes and ceas'd. She took his hand
And thus address'd him. 'Suffer not my tears,
' Dear Abradates, to subdue thy heart.
' 'Tis true they are the tears of warmest love,
' Yet be they not regarded. 'Tis my wish
' Thou wouldst be eminent, and serve the Prince
' By some great effort of eternal fame.
' I'd rather die than meet with thee again
' Ingloriously repuls'd. The Prince deserves
' All thy exertion, to my wretched self.

' Ever

' Ever indulgent, bountiful and good,
 ' I was his prey, his captive and his slave,
 ' Yet was I honor'd as the Sufian Queen,
 ' And treated kindly as a brother's wife,
 ' And when Araspes, as I told thee, fled,
 ' Reprov'd by Cyrus for his guilty love,
 ' I promis'd Abradates should revolt,
 ' And said he was a man whose warlike deeds
 ' Would amply recompence Araspes' flight,
 ' Remember this, and be the God of war.'

' O mighty Jupiter,' exclaim'd the King,
 ' This day support me in the toilsome field,
 ' And make me worthy of Panthea's love,
 ' And Cyrus' friendship.'

Rumbling to the door
 That moment came his chariot, yet unarm'd,
 And with its scythes unfurnish'd. Sight more grand
 No mortal eye had seen. 'Twas gold within
And

And gold without. The charioteer was gold, ^{grey A}
And held the reins of eight impetuous steeds, ^{no in A}
Cover'd with golden armour. At that sight ^{itself pl}
The King no longer tarried. One sweet kiss ^{in worth}
He took, and mounted. From the charioteer ^{red no}
Now he receives the reins, and takes his seat ^{grey A}
On glorious deeds determin'd. At his side,
Close to the chariot-wheel Panthea stood,
Sadly regarding and approving all.
She waited for a tender farewell look,
Nor waited long in vain. That look obtain'd,
She kiss'd the chariot, and it mov'd away.
By strong attraction drawn, with fearful foot,
And eyes that swam with delicate distress,
She follow'd. Abradates turn'd and saw,
Pity stole down his cheek. He wav'd his hand.
She knew the signal, and in tears withdrew,
Then was the pow'r of beauty, unadorn'd ^{long on F}
Save with its own attractions, felt by all.
Eight fiery steeds caparison'd in gold,

A gorgeous

A gorgeous chariot, princely charioteer,
And over all a King magnificent
In floating purple and a helm of gold,
Drew no attention. Ev'ry eye was fix'd
On her who follow'd, and as she withdrew
All eyes pursued.

At length the rising sun
In blood appears, and thro' the mountain skirts
Looks with a fiery aspect. Hark! the horn.
It sounds the signal, and the army moves,
Cyrus before them on his prancing steed,
Both steed and Prince in polish'd armour cloth'd
Purple and brass. See how his burning shield
Glares in the morning sun, his milk-white crest
Superbly nods, and his extended sword
Dazzles the eye. Behind him see his Persians,
Two thousand horse for some especial act
Reserv'd, and cloth'd in armour like the Prince,

Save

Save that his shining treble polish'd arms
Blaze with unequal'd splendor bright as flame.

Then was the awful moment, when from Heav'n
God sent his Angel, that destroying spirit
Whose single arm at Hezekiah's pray'r
Fought with Sennacherib, and flew a host
InnumEROus as Autumn's falling leaf
In the short compass of a summer's night.
In clouds he came that roll'd along the hills,
Making the glory of the morning dim,
And solemnly advancing seem'd to bear
A load of terrors of unusual weight.
The army halts. The tempest seems to pause.
That instant from his thigh the Angel drew
God's own refulgent sword. A stream of fire
Follow'd the weapon, and a shew'r of sparks
Furiously bick'ring lighten'd far and near.
' Go on,' he cried, ' woe to the Lydian King,
' And woe to thee, Belshazzar.' His loud voice
Shook

Shook utmost earth and Heav'n. 'Twas like the sound
Of sev'lt thunders. 'Welcome,' said the Prince,
‘ Companions, 'tis the signal of success.
‘ The Gods are with us, and eternal Jovē
‘ Thunders his promise to support us still.'
So saying on he led them. Once again
They halt. Again they march. Again they halt.
And now the num'rous enemy appears,
Glitt'ring in arms, his poptulous wings outstretch'd
As if he purpos'd to surround a world.
Never was fight more terrible beheld.
Far as the eye could reach to east and west
The plain was bristled with unnumber'd spears,
And groan'd and trembled with resounding hoofs,
The wheels of chariots, and the march of men.

Then from his golden car Belshazzar look'd,
Despis'd his enemy, and thus began.

‘ Behold, O Crœsus, shall a puny foë

• Weak as the army which you strip off

• **Affright**

' Affright and vex us? See how he has stretch'd
 ' And thin'd his handful of ambitious friends,
 ' 'Till they have scarce the substance of a spear.
 ' And yet behold him a whole army short
 ' Of our extensive files at each extreme.
 ' Shall we engage him? Let us send, and ask
 ' What he will give us to redeem his friends.
 ' Or, if he chooses to abide our wrath,
 ' Command the centre of our line to halt,
 ' And let the two extremes advance with speed,
 ' To face about and sting him on the flanks.
 ' O, we have men enough to march him round,
 ' To coop the youngster in a cage of steel,
 ' And let him bleed at leisure.'

At his word

Crœsus commanded, and the centre paus'd,
 If centre we may call it, stretching wide
 From central point, into the east two miles,
 And two into the west. The wings advance,

Each a sufficient host in these our days

To over-run a kingdom. Now they halt

And face the flanks of Cyrus, bare of men,

And only guarded by one feeble line

Of unsupported chariots. At that sight

Cyrus began and travel'd all his ranks,

Infusing courage, not infus'd in vain.

Before the right wing see him, full of hope.

‘ My friends,’ he cries, ‘ it happens as I wish'd.

‘ Stir not a foot, ye who command in front,

‘ Till Abradates charges on the foe.

‘ Then follow close, and do the best ye can.’

To Abradates next with speed he rode,

And pray'd the King to keep his eye fast fix'd

Upon the great detachment to the left.

‘ Soon as they fly, he said, and fly they shall,

‘ Push forward, and with swift devouring wheels

‘ Consume the ranks of Egypt.’ To the left

See him now posting, and with princely air

Exhorting and confirming. ‘ Friends, he cries,

‘ Mark

‘ Mark Abradates. When his chariots move,
‘ Then is your time. Advance, and fight like men.’
He past the line, and turning to the left,
Rode by the chariots station’d on the flank.
‘ Heroes,’ he cried, ‘ on Artagersas look,
‘ And soon as ye perceive a signal made,
‘ Push on to these before you.’ Now he turns
And passes by the rear. He stops and cries,
‘ Now, Artagersas and Pharnuchus, mark.
‘ Soon as ye see me, with my chosen horse
‘ Yonder assembled, gallop from the rear
‘ And charge upon the party to the right,
‘ Then to the left advance. With speedy march
‘ Meet yon detachment. When the foot are fled,
‘ And the determin’d horse with fury come,
‘ Shew them your camels and defeat their speed.
‘ In their disorder send the chariots on.
‘ Proceed as fortune bids you and be brave.’

He said, and to begin the dreadful storm,
Flew like an arrow to his chosen force.

'Twas time, for Crœsus had his signal giv'n,
And all the armies of the martial foe
Slowly advanc'd. Then momentary dread
Shot thro' the ranks of Cyrus. For what heart,
Not made of steel, could look on such a scene,
Three armies deep and strong, with countless horse,
Chariots untold, innumerable foot,
Advancing with their weapons drawn to kill,
And not one passage open to escape—
Who could behold it and not feel afraid ?
Deep silence reign'd, and not a sound was heard,
Save the low thunder of approaching files.
But fear was transient as the lightning glimpse,
Not long admitted to a Persian breast.
Courage returns, and ev'ry heart is rous'd,
Hearing the sound of onset.

Then

Then the Prince,
Eager to meet his foe, his steed provok'd,
And led his chosen with impetuous speed
Shouting encouragement. His foot pursue,
A flying phalanx, small but powerful.
With fury equal to the lion's wrath
He strikes the foe upon his utmost flank;
And pours his active foot, a swarm of wasps,
Behind him and before. Then o'er the plain
Rumbled the chariots. Artagersas heard,
And 'gan a dread commotion to the left.
He charg'd the foe, and put his foot to flight,
Shew'd him the camels and confus'd his horse,
Beckon'd the chariots and pursued him close,
Uproar and rout before him. Then was heard
The voice of Abradates in the front.
' Behold, my friends, on either hand begun
' The glorious battle, and the foe recedes.
' Follow your leader, and with burning wheels
' Mow down the ranks of Egypt.' As he spoke

They whip'd their coursers and their chariots flew.
Thunder more dreadful never shook the earth.
The King was foremost, and the first who met
The unarm'd chariots of the foe. They fled
Lighter than foam before the flouncing wave.
Into the files he rush'd, a world of spears
Thicker than Summer's corn. A thousand points
Lighten'd at once upon his burnish'd shield.
Uninjur'd he receiv'd them. Unappall'd
He shouted and went on. And such his speed
Nor men nor armour could resist the force
Of his destroying wheels. An army fell
On either side his chariot. Men were slain
Fast as the mower shears the meadow grass
Or upland barley. Never had eye seen
Carnage so horrible, nor ever ear
Heard such disturbance. Ev'ry chariot rous'd
Tumult unspeakable; and such the sound
Of clashing armour, rushing wheels, and men,
Some clamorous with fear and some with rage,

Some

Some howling under chariots, cursing some,
And some lamenting in the pains of death,
Had God's own thunder bellow'd in their ears
No mortal could have have heard it. See the plain
Cover'd with ruin, soldiers and their arms
Cut sheer asunder, chariots overturn'd
Smoking in blood, the charioteer thrown out
Bleeding at ev'ry vein, his wounded steeds
With mangled harness galloping the field
Confounding friends and foes. And now behold
The total line advances. Nations run
To fight with nations, world engages world.
Fearful the blaze of thousand thousand swords
At once uplifted, horrible the crash
Of shields and helmets batter'd as they fell.
I hear the hissing of ten thousand spears
And twice ten thousand, and ten thousand more
Brandish'd at once. I see an iron show'r
Of polish'd arrows shot into the air.
I see the horsemen jostle, and their helms

At ev'ry stroke of the devouring sword
Sparkle with fire. 'Tis all a roaring sea
Of tempest and confusion.

But not long
Endur'd the conflict of that perilous day.
God fought, and by his angel vengeance pour'd
Upon the proud Assyrian. Who could stand
Before Omnipotence? He turn'd and fled,
And not one army of his num'rous friends
Stood to support him, save the cumber'd files
Of irritated Egypt. Nobly they
Resent the slaughter of the Susian King,
And marching firmly, with the Persians cope.
Unable to withstand a foe so stout,
Still pressing forward, thirsty for revenge,
And cover'd by vast shields from head to foot,
Persia retreats. Yet politic in flight,
And still courageous, none deserts his post,
None turns his back. With faces to their foe,

Still

Still they distribute death, and still receive,
Retiring step by step. Egypt pursues
With steady resolution, unawares
Drawn into danger while she seeks revenge.
For now the towers rain upon her head
Showers of steel. The Persian force, reserv'd
To rouse the timorous and cheer the faint,
Stand with drawn swords to hinder a retreat,
And death is his who flinches one step more.
The battle is renew'd. The Persians fight
With death above, behind them, and before.
No choice was there, or to retreat and live,
Or stay and perish. Ev'ry arm must strive,
Weary or strong, or be content to fall.
Then had the sons of Egypt turn'd and fled,
Tho' full of wrath and malice, but the Prince,
Belshazzar routed, came upon their rear.
Slaughter began anew, and thousands fell,
For both were obstinate, and fix'd as rocks.
Insufferable uproar fill'd their ears,

For loud the voice of exhortation roar'd,
Loud was the cry of anguish and despair,
And loud o'er all the clashing of their arms.

Then was the time when Cyrus' self had fall'n
If unsupported by the hand of God.
He charg'd with fury on the stubborn foe.
A bold Egyptian, trampled under foot,
Pierc'd his brave steed, and threw him to the ground.
Fearful commotion follow'd. Tow'r'd the Prince,
Eager to kill or captive, rush'd at once
A thousand fierce Egyptians. To defend
And shield him from their weapons, forward ran
A thousand vet'ran Persians. Horrid 'twas
To see that bloody contest, and the Prince
Had surely died by the vast storm o'erwhelm'd,
But that the Angel his distress foresaw,
And threw his shield before him. So, by Heav'n
Invisibly protected, still he liv'd,
And all the weapons at his corselet aim'd
Were aim'd in vain. A soldier from his horse

Leap'd

Leap'd instantly, and held it to his Prince,
He mounted and went on.

Hydaspas now
Returning from pursuit, the foe all fled,
Save the Egyptians, on the left advanc'd,
Chrysantas on the right. That fearful sight
Egypt endur'd not. Scarce could they support
The joint assault of Persians in the front,
And Persians in the rear; much less sustain
On ev'ry side an army, strong with horse,
And flush'd with victory. They shrink within,
And, form'd into a globe, unite their shields
Above and round about, and hid from sight
Under a roof of iron, squat secure.

Cyrus beheld, and bade the herald sound.
The battle ceas'd. The Angel sheath'd his sword,
And went away to Heav'n, thus as he rose
In bold prophetic language, but unheard

Of

Of ear profane, unfolding time to come.

" Shepherd of God, go on, anointed Prince,
 " Perform my pleasure, and subdue my foes.
 " I, faith the Lord, have girded thee with strength,
 " Rais'd thee to glory, and will guide thee still.
 " Yes, I will guide thee, tho' a God unknown.
 " Go up to Babylon. Her iron bars
 " My arm shall funder, and her brazen gates
 " Burst open. . Go, pour vengeance on her head.
 " Fill the exhausted quiver, mend the shield,
 " Make sharp the sword, and give the spear a point.
 " O cursed Babylon, the King of Kings
 " Musters the host of battle. God has op'd
 " His blazing armoury, and Angels bear
 " The weapons of his anger. Lo! he comes,
 " Midnight about him, clouds and rolling smoke,
 " His chariot riding on the wings of wind
 " Heavy with wrath. His fiery lips are full
 " Of grievous indignation; and his breath,
 " Devouring

“ Devouring flame, consumes his foes before him.
“ The sun is darken’d, and the moon eclips’d,
“ No constellation shines. His mighty voice
“ Roars in the wilderness; the mountains melt,
“ And kingdoms perish at the lighting down
“ Of his sulphureous arm. Who shall escape?
“ The heav’ns are shaken, and the earth removes.
“ Daughter of Babylon, come down, come down,
“ Sit in the dust, thy glory is no more.
“ Tender and delicate, thy throne is lost.
“ Go to the mill, become a slave, and grind.
“ His whirlwind shall pass thro’ thee. Bel shall fall,
“ Nebo and Merodach. The living God,
“ Who laid the deep foundations of the world,
“ Spread out the heav’ns, and scatter’d them with
“ stars,
“ Sends a destructive besom thro’ thy streets,
“ And makes a man more precious than the gem
“ Dear as the wedge of Ophir. Haughty King,
“ The sound of battle thunders at thy gates,
“ Thy

“ Thy walls are compass'd by a roaring sea,
“ Whose waves shall cover thee. Prepare the feast,
“ Plant watchmen in the tow'r, eat, drink, and sleep.
“ Arise, ye princes, and anoint the shield,
“ A lion rages at the palace gate.
“ The sword has enter'd Babylon, the sword
“ Devours her multitudes. Her drunken Lords
“ Sleep a perpetual sleep. Her gates are burst,
“ Her river fails, and all her springs are dry.
“ The monarch hears the shouting of the foe,
“ His hands are feeble, and his heart is faint.
“ One post returns, another is dispatch'd,
“ And ev'ry messenger confirms the news,
“ His heroes are destroy'd, his city lost.
“ Terror has freez'd the channels of his blood,
“ His loins are loosen'd, and his trembling knees
“ Smite one another. With a coward's frown
“ He looks upon the wall, demands his sword,
“ Curses the prophet, and exhorts his friends,
“ His arm scarce able to sustain his shield,

“ His faltering tongue too feeble to command.
“ Ah! cruel tyrant, Hell beneath is mov’d,
“ And opes her jaws immeasurably wide
“ All hunger to receive thee. Kings departed
“ Lift up their heads, and welcome thy approach.
“ And art thou weak as we? Where is thy pomp,
“ And the sweet music of thy gorgeous court?
“ Is this the man who made the Earth afraid,
“ Shook thrones, and ruin’d kingdoms with his frown?
“ Is it all come to this? A little grave,
“ Worms and a winding-sheet? How art thou fall’n?
“ How is the hammer of the earth destroy’d!
“ O proud as Lucifer, the morning’s son,
“ ’Twas in thy heart to sit above the clouds,
“ To place thy throne among the stars of God,
“ And reign, like him who reigns alone, most high,
“ But thou hast fallen from the heights of Heav’n,
“ And art gone down into the depths of Hell.”

“ Remnant

“ Remnant of Jacob, cast away the yoke,
“ Return again and feed thy flocks in peace
“ On Carmel and on Bashan. Plant the vine
“ On Ephraim and Gilead and be glad.
“ Would thou hadst heard me when my prophet spoke,
“ Thy neck was iron, and thy brow was brass.
“ I smote thee in my anger. Thou art left
“ Few as the gather'd vine or shaken olive,
“ Two or three berries on thy topmost bough,
“ On all thy fruitful branches four or five.
“ Return again, and let me close thy wounds
“ And give thee health. Thy city shall be built.
“ Again the voice of mirth shall fill thy streets,
“ The bridegroom and the bride shall dance and sing,
“ The young, and the grey-headed shall rejoice,
“ Thy garners shall be fill'd with corn and wine,
“ None shall be found complaining in thy streets,
“ No eye shall sorrow, and no tongue lament.

WHILE

WHILE thus the Angel spoke, the active Prince
Came with his friends upon a flying steed
Under the tow'rs. There was a tow'r half-built,
And thither had Panthea, unobserv'd,
Ventur'd to follow her attentive slave
In mean disguise. He mounted the high tow'r,
And to the Queen below gave true report
Of all that past. He told her when the Prince
Led to the right, when Artagersas' force
Began the furious battle to the left,
When Abradates thunder'd in the front.
Pale terror sat upon her roseless cheek,
Anguish possest'd her, all her strength was gone,
Her heart beat thick, no crimson on her lip,

No crystal in her eye. Yet still she stood,
Scarce able to support the weight of dread
And dismal apprehension — stood and heard
With eager ear the watchful slave's report.
And still as courage came, and her weak tongue
Found utterance, she bade him fix his eye
On Abradates. “ Is the King alive ?
“ What does he ? Look for Abradates, look.”
‘ I see him,’ cried the slave, ‘ he mows their ranks,
‘ His smoking chariot-wheels are red with blood.’
“ Great man, the Gods protect him. Look again.”
‘ I see him not,’ replied the faithful slave,
‘ ‘Tis uproar and confusion far and near.
“ Observe again,” she cried, “ look steadily.”
“ Is there no helmet brighter than the rest ?
“ No purple robe, no crest of hyacinth ?”
‘ None,’ said the slave, ‘ I cannot mark the King
‘ In any quarter of the bloody field.’
An arrow of despair went thro’ her heart,
She almost sunk. At length sweet hope return’d,

She

She rais'd her eyes to Heav'n in silent pray'r,
Bade him still watch, and look'd to Heav'n again.
But never more was Abradates seen
In all the toilsome conflict of that day.
Oft as she bade him, and she bade him oft,
The slave look'd out, but ever look'd in vain.
She wept and waited, sometimes in despair,
Sometimes still hoping Abradates liv'd.
In bitter expectation, worse than death,
Thus had she stood the bloody battle thro',
When Cyrus with his friends approach'd the tow'r.
The slave descends, and with the Queen retires,
List'ning to hear if aught by chance be said
Of Abradates, and his wasting scythes.
The Prince dismounts, and marching to the tow'r,
Ascends to look abroad and view the field,
If any where resistance yet prevail'd,
Save in the files of Egypt. Round the plain

P

He

He threw a soldier's eye, and saw it full †
 Of chariots, horsemen, and unnumber'd foot,
 Living and dead, pursuing and pursued.
 Mercy subdued his heart. ‘ My friends,’ he cried,
 ‘ The day is our's, nor need we spill more blood.
 ‘ Far as my eye can reach, the plain is spread
 ‘ With rout and ruin. They renounce their cause
 ‘ And leave the field to us. I see them now
 ‘ Upon the faint horizon scouring home
 ‘ To their respective states. Let slaughter cease,
 ‘ And these who yet remain obtain our mercy,
 ‘ For they have nobly fought, and I forgive
 ‘ The trampled wretch that with his cimeter
 ‘ Pierc'd my good steed, and threw me to the ground.
 ‘ Go, bid our army sheath the sword. Proclaim
 ‘ Peace and protection to the fallen foe,
 ‘ Bid them lay down their arms and make their terms.

† Or, in the sublime and simple language of Xenophon, *καὶ τὸ μεγάλον τὸ πεδίον ἐππάντα, αὐθρώπων, αρματῶν· φευγούσιαν, διωκόντων· κρατεῖσιν, κρατεύμένων.*

‘ If still they thirst for war, in our own cause
‘ We will engage them, and give better hire
‘ Than Crœsus or Belshazzar. If for us
‘ They fight as bravely as they fought to-day,
‘ They shall be rich in honors and in lands.
‘ My brave companions, how shall I requite you
‘ For your good service of to-day? Look round,
‘ And trace in ev’ry feature of the field
‘ Your Prince’s love. These are your acts, my friends,
‘ Not mine. For ev’ry hand that has conue’d
‘ To this great overthrow, deserves as much
‘ As he that led you. Now methinks I mark
‘ Your sev’ral routes, and see on ev’ry side
‘ How much was your regard for Cyrus. Oh
‘ My soul is full of wonder and delight
‘ To see the world so rich in valour. Who
‘ Shall say mankind are grown degenerate?
‘ A more heroic day was never fought.
‘ Little remains to do. Crœsus is fled
‘ To Sardes. Thither we will follow him,

‘ And when the capital is won, his wealth
 ‘ Divide amongst us. Then to Babylon,
 ‘ To stir the proud Assyrian in his den,
 ‘ And make him tremble tho’ immur’d in brass.’

He said, and from the tow’r with looks of joy
 Came down, took ev’ry warrior by the hand,
 Thank’d him and gave him joy. ‘ Are we all here?
 ‘ I trust, he cried, I have not lost a friend.
 ‘ Alas, I fear—Where is our new ally,
 ‘ The King, brave Abradates ?

‘ Brave indeed,
 ‘ I saw him,’ said Araspes, ‘ when he met
 ‘ With furious wheels the chariots of the foe,
 ‘ And drove them all before him. And I saw,
 ‘ When in the midst of the Egyptian files
 ‘ He stood and lash’d his steeds, and seem’d resolv’d
 ‘ Not to return, till with his bloody scythes
 ‘ He had cut out a way thro’ all their host.

‘ He

‘ He seem’d intent on nought, but to exhort
‘ His warlike followers to deeds like his.
‘ Nor was there one faint-hearted Susian found.
‘ The Persians only, and I never thought
‘ A true-born Persian could be half so base,
‘ Forsook him in the onset, turn’d and whip’d
‘ After the flying chariots (vain excuse)
‘ And left the Susians by themselves to fight
‘ All Egypt. Had they follow’d as they ought,
‘ I verily believe no pow’r on Earth
‘ Could have withstood them. To their ill-judg’d
‘ flight
‘ We may attribute our severe repulse
‘ And all the wounds we feel. And would to Heav’n
‘ This were the only loss their cowardice
‘ Had brought upon us, for I grieve to tell
‘ What follow’d after.’

‘ What?’ exclaim’d the Prince,
Warm with impatience.

‘ While the Susian King,’
 Replied the youth, ‘ with roaring wheels went on,
 ‘ And stood in his career so eminent,
 ‘ His horses beating down the adverse files,
 ‘ His scythes devouring ev’ry soul that fell,
 ‘ His chariot rocking as it past with speed
 ‘ Over the bodies of the slaughter’d foe,
 ‘ A violent and unexpected shock
 ‘ Tumbled him headlong from his chariot. What
 ‘ Could close the scene but death?’

At that dread word

Loud shriek’d Panthea, and with grief distracted
 Ran to the field. Her voice reach’d Cyrus’ ear
 And pierc’d his heart. ‘ From whence,’ he cried, ‘ that
 ‘ shriek?

‘ Such was the awful moment, when it came
 ‘ It fill’d my soul with horror. Look about.
 ‘ Go see, Araspes, ’twas the Queen perhaps.
 ‘ Give her all peace and comfort, and make known
 ‘ How

‘ How much regard we owe to Abradates.
‘ Bid her be cheerful and confide in Heav’n,
‘ Whose ways we cannot always understand.
‘ All I can do will never half requite
‘ The services the noble Susian did us.
‘ She shall be free to follow her own will,
‘ And is no more a captive. My brave friends,
‘ As soon as Egypt has propos’d her terms,
‘ We will depart, and cross the bloody field
‘ To seek the body of the slaughter’d King.
‘ Meantime go, Gobryas, and search our stores,
‘ And take whatever may be meet to grace
‘ A King’s interment.’

Ere the prince had done,
Chrysantas from the foe brought back report,
Egypt was ready to receive the terms
Cyrus propos’d, and would support his arms
With strict fidelity against all kings,
Save only Crœsus, ‘ ’Tis agreed,’ he cried,

‘ Provided they support our arms with zeal
‘ Against Belshazzar and our other foes,
‘ They shall not be requir’d to fight with Crœsus.
‘ Convey my answer, and entreat them well.
‘ Worthy companions, now let us suspend
‘ The smile of victory, and mourn our loss
‘ Till we have rais’d o’er Abradates’ grave
‘ A monument eternal as the world.
‘ Let us pour out our thanks about his corpse,
‘ And with one voice applaud his noble deeds.
‘ And though the still and secret lapse of time
‘ Consume his body and deface his tomb,
‘ Yet in our love shall Abradates live,
‘ In his own worth immortal. Should his queen
‘ Choose to remain with us, let her still live
‘ In honor as a queen. Let her receive
‘ Attendants, plenty, and a splendid tent,
‘ With perfect liberty to go or stay
‘ As her own will inclines. The sun is set,
‘ We must away, and when the body’s found

‘ And

‘ And we have laid it softly in the earth,
‘ Then we’ll return, and our exhausted strength
‘ Recruit with food and rest.’

He said no more,
But silently advancing, cross’d the field
Thro’ thousands slain, warrior on warrior roll’d,
Still in the attitudes of brave assault
And resolute defiance. Many a face
He yet remembered, tho’ besmear’d with blood,
Twisted with agony, and pale with death ;
And still as he remember’d drew a sigh,
And thank’d it kindly. Ere he reach’d the spot
Where Egypt stood, and Abradates fell,
Araspes met him, from the queen return’d.
‘ Araspes, here?’ he cried. ‘ How does the queen ?
‘ Is she not found ?’

‘ Alas,’ replied the youth,
‘ Mine eye was never witness to a scene

‘ So

- ‘ So truly piteous, so deserving grief.
- ‘ We found her sitting by the hero’s corpse,
- ‘ Bedewing with her tears his bloodless cheek.
- ‘ Silent she was, and quiet as the dead,
- ‘ Nor had we known it was a living soul
- ‘ That sat so statue-like with melting eyes,
- ‘ Had not a sigh as we stood looking on
- ‘ Escap’d her bosom. Gobryas advanc’d,
- ‘ And, with a voice that faltered as he spoke,
- ‘ Bade her look up, be comforted, and rise.
- ‘ But scarce had kind persuasion found a tongue,
- ‘ When grief subdued him, and the hero wept.
- ‘ ’Twas noble to behold the good old man
- ‘ So gen’rously partake another’s pain;
- ‘ And much I envied him a soul so great.
- ‘ After awhile he seem’d again compos’d,
- ‘ And, kneeling by the corpse, once more began
- ‘ The arduous task of pious consolation.
- ‘ He stretch’d his arm, and took the bloody hand
- ‘ Of the departed Monarch as he spoke.

‘ ’Twas

‘ ‘Twas sever’d from the arm. The dismal sight
‘ Open’d afresh the sluices of his grief.
‘ Then too Panthea wept, and beat her breast,
‘ And cried aloud. “ O cruel, cruel fate,
“ And all occasion’d by thy queen, who lives.
“ ‘Twas I who cloth’d him in this royal suit,
“ ‘Twas I advis’d him to advent’rous deeds,
“ Yes, yes, ‘twas I who with a murd’rer’s tongue
“ Bade him be eminent.” Then on the corpse
‘ Weeping she fell, and kiss’d its sickly lips,
‘ Nor would be rais’d again to look upon us.
‘ I left, I knew not why, a scene so sad.
‘ I would indeed have spoken the kind words
‘ Cyrus commanded, but my feeble tongue
‘ Seem’d to forget its office, and the pow’r
‘ Of perfect utterance was taken from me.’

‘ ‘Alas !’ said Cyrus, ‘ bitter is the cup
‘ That favors of affliction and distress ;
‘ And yet the virtuous soul is oft oblig’d

To

‘ To put the nauseous bev’rage to his lip ;
 ‘ While many a mean and vicious wretch sits by,
 ‘ And in the sunshine of unceasing joy
 ‘ Dreams out his idle days without a grief.
 ‘ Yet think not Virtue injur’d and forgot,
 ‘ If all her portion here be but to grieve
 ‘ And spend her day in tears. There is a time
 ‘ When she shall wipe her widow dew away,
 ‘ And laugh and sing, and banish grief for ever.
 ‘ Come, lead us to the spot.’

The youth advanc’d,
 But Gobryas approach’d with brimful eyes,
 And eager haste, which seem’d to intimate
 Something amiss. He saw the prince at hand,
 Stopt short, and would have told him what was done,
 But found no voice to speak.

‘ How does the queen ?’
 Question’d the prince in haste. ‘ What means thy
 ‘ speed ?’
 ‘ Why

‘ Why are thy cheeks so pale, thy eyes so full ?
‘ Ugly distraction sits upon thy brow
‘ And thy lips tremble. Quick, unfold the cause.’

‘ I would,’ he cried, ‘ my lips were seal’d for ever,
‘ For they have said misfortune was the lot
‘ Of Gobryas alone. Yet there are some
‘ Who know not joy, and yet deserve not grief,
‘ Who from the cradle to the silent grave
‘ Live in the midst of a perpetual wreck
‘ Of their own happiness. Shall I relate
‘ The tragic tale that hangs upon my tongue ?
‘ The queen by this time is no more. E’en now,
‘ Her reason gone, and frantic with despair,
‘ *She drew a secret dagger from her side,
‘ And sheath’d it in her bosom.’

‘ Mighty

* If any fair reader has had the patience to wade thus far through the labors of a scribbling poet, let her not imagine that the character of Panthea, though hitherto amiable and excellent, is here worthy of her imitation. It is the duty of a Christian to look upon self-destruction with the utmost horror and aversion.

For

‘ Mighty gods !’

Exclaim’d the prince, ‘ why tarried we so long ?
 ‘ Let us away, and if life yet remains
 ‘ Do all we can to comfort and relieve her.’

So hastily they went, and now have reach’d
 The fatal spot where Abradates fought
 And Egypt fell before him ; hideous sight !
 Long lanes of death, and passages of blood
 Leading to chariots hack’d, and overturn’d.
 There many a valiant Susian was beheld,

For we know that *unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required*, and are assured, that *the servant which knew his Lord’s will, but did not according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes*. But, at the same time, let it not be thought that Panthea is in her death unworthy of pity, because she is unworthy of imitation. Let my fair reader remember that she was no Christian that she knew not the virtue of patient submission to calamities, however great, and had no prospect of redress in a life to come. She, therefore, could not be unpardonably culpable in the sight of God or man. *He who knows not*, whatever heinous actions he may fall into for want of the Christian’s knowledge, will not be punished like the more enlightened delinquent, but will without doubt be dismissed, even from the tribunal of infinite Justice, with much mercy and *few stripes*.

Cover’d

Cover'd with wounds, pierc'd thro' and thro' with
spears,

His reins still grasping tho' his steeds were fled,
Or in their harness slaughter'd. Last of all,
It's wheels half buried in the crowds they flew,
Was seen the chariot of the Susian king,
Ruin immense behind it, and before,
And round about. There the great hero lies,
Close at his side his ever-faithful queen,
Her head upon his breast, her recent wound
Still gushing, her cærulean eye half-clos'd.
Death was at hand. Life, like the feeble flame
Expiring on an ember's smoky point,
Mounted, return'd, flew off, and still remain'd.

‘ She lives,’ said Cyrus. At the prince's voice
She rais'd her drooping eyelids, knew her friend,
And, with a look which gratitude convey'd,
Not to be utter'd in a world of words,

Thank'd

Thank'd him for all his goodness. A deep sigh
Went from her heart. She died.

‘ There fled her soul,
‘ And with that deep-fetch'd sigh,’ exclaim'd the
 prince,
‘ Panthea’s sorrows ended. Would to Heav’n
‘ We could have shelter’d from the stroke of death
‘ So brave a soldier, and so true a wife.
‘ Would one at least had liv’d. For who can see
‘ A pair so exemplary fall at once,
‘ Seeking one grave, united e’en in death,
‘ And not bewail the loss? My worthy friends,
‘ This sorrow well becomes us. And for these
‘ O'er whom we weep, what fairer proof can rise
‘ That Virtue led them thro’ the vale of life,
‘ Than this remembrance, that their latter end
‘ Mov’d e’en a soldier’s tears?’

‘ As

As long as Heav'n,
Rejoin'd Araspes, and the world endures,
So long shall it be told that Cyrus wept
O'er Abradates' and Panthea's grave;
And this deed only shall extend his fame
Farther than all his conquests. Godlike prince!
We had not known how well to be humane
Becomes a soldier, but for this sad loss.
So well indeed, and such its manly grace,
That ev'ry soldier here must long to fill
The mourner's office. For myself, I own
It well becomes me to confess my grief;
I lov'd Panthea, and I love her still.
I lov'd and wrong'd her, for I thought to win
By subtle courtesy that faithful heart
Which none but Abradates could deserve.
But she was firm in the defence of Virtue,
Tho' in her ways so gentle, that the wind
Blew not upon her, and put by her veil,
But Beauty's crimson blush suffus'd her cheek,

Q

And

- ‘ And she was lost in elegant distress.
- ‘ Many an hour have I enjoy’d her words,
- ‘ Which fell in pious numbers from her lips,
- ‘ Sweet as an oracle. . Such charming sounds
- ‘ Might well attract the ready ear of youth,
- ‘ For they had won attention from the old,
- ‘ And pleas’d the hard sensation of fourscore
- ‘ With profitable wisdom. . Never again
- ‘ Shall the sweet music of that tongue be heard,
- ‘ No more shall Beauty’s transitory rose
- ‘ Still fade, still flourish on her lovely cheek,
- ‘ Where I have seen it, often as she spoke,
- ‘ Live ev’ry moment, ev’ry moment die.
- ‘ No more shall her expressive azure eyes,
- ‘ Meekly attentive, raise their drooping lids,
- ‘ And pour upon the sight of him who loves
- ‘ The modest splendor of departing day.’ —

He said no more, for sorrow chain’d his tongue,
 And the last mournful office was begun.

Deep in the earth the valiant king is laid,
His lovely queen reposes at his side.
All tongues are still. The rays of day are gone,
And glimm'ring torches shed a sickly light,
While o'er the monarch, and his hapless queen
They scatter odors, and a royal robe
Spread lightly. At the hero's side are plac'd
In silent pomp his helmet, shield, and sword.
Short pause ensues, till Cyrus waves his hand.
Then 'gan the burial, and light show'rs of earth
Were scatter'd o'er them, till the grave was fill'd.
Full of compassion to his tent departs
The godlike prince, and night envelopes all.

With in the camp the arrival King is said
His royal ascent labour is said to be
All honour to the King. The cause of all the fame
And glistening bright horses said a bright horse
Will be to the monarch. The first public address
Will be to the King. And a royal robe
Said the King. As the people like the King
To the King. And the King said King said the King
Said the King. And the King said King said the King
The King said the King said the King said the King
Will be to the King. And the King said King said the King
King to the King. And the King said King said the King
The King said the King said the King said the King

T H E

O R P H A N T W I N S.

A

T A L E.

Q 3

W W E M A N H A O.

S I A T

THE ORPHAN TWINS.

'TWAS on a lofty mountain's side
Half up the verdant steep,
A gen'rous Vicar wedded, died,
And left his spouse to weep.

And still she weeps from hour of rest,
'Till dawn of day begins,
Two little daughters at her breast,
Her only infant twins.

All day o'er these she hangs her head,
Too young her grief to know,
And while her eyes sweet sorrow shed
They smile to see it flow.

O happiest of all souls that live,
Whose brow no sorrow wears,
Would ye might never learn to grieve,
Nor know the cause of tears.

But ere five hasty springs were past,
And five short autumns gone,
The hapless mother breath'd her last,
And left her twins alone.

They saw the hearse—they saw, but ah !
They knew not Death was come,
And oft they ask'd for dear Mamma,
Oft wish'd her still at home.

Oft they pursued her thro' the shade,
And oft the shrubs among
Wept, and entreated why she staid,
And where she hid so long.

Cease,

Cease, lovely twins, ye grieve in vain,
Forbear, and be not sad,
Mamma shall ne'er return again,
Shun sorrow and be glad.

Nor did they long her loss deplore,
For grief was not their foe,
They soon remember'd her no more,
And mirth took place of woe.

To youth and years of love they grew
Under a Grandam's eye,
None ever liv'd that lov'd more true,
None shall more faithful die.

One birth they had, and took one part
For better and for worse;
One soul they were, one only heart,
One fortune and one purse.

Complain'd

Complain'd the one, the other pin'd,

Smil'd one, they both were gay.

Scarce ever half an hour disjoin'd,

Together night and day.

Arm within arm they trip'd the mead,

And clomb the weary steep,

Arm within arm came home to read,

And arm in arm to sleep.

Would they had ever thus been seen

United heart and hand,

But mighty Love stept in between,

And sever'd friendship's band.

A wealthy youth with secret smile

Has won poor Charlotte's heart,

She begs to be excus'd awhile

However hard to part.

With

With tears her sister's side she leaves,

Her steed attends the door,

Lonely Amelia sighs and grieves,

And pleasure knows no more.

Silent she sits the livelong day,

Nor seeks the hill or grove,

But weeps her dismal hours away,

Without a friend to love.

No more she trips the flow'ry field,

No more the woody vale,

Her books no more amusement yield,

For sadness will prevail.

Mean-time her sister fondly tries

In Edward's eye to shine,

And thinks not how Amelia sighs,

In sorrow left to pine.

Edward

Edward with placid brow looks on,

Approves her wish to please,

And soon, by sweet attraction won,

Resigns his heart with ease.

Then all the breathing terms of love

In warm profusion fell,

He swore by all the pow'rs above

To wed, and use her well.

She, freed at length from doubt and fear,

Once more regards her home,

And thinks of poor Amelia there,

By silent grief o'ercome.

She thinks, and longs again to meet

The partner of her youth,

Who smil'd so gay, and sung so sweet,

And lov'd with so much truth.

“ Fly to Amelia, Edward, fly,

“ Her face I long to see,

“ Tell her for her I almost die,

“ And bid her haste to me.”

She spake, and at her sweet command

The youth like lightning flew,

And now he clasps Amelia's hand,

And she bids grief adieu,

O luckless hour ! how did joy's flood

Amelia's charms improve !

What mortal could have then withstood ?

The youth was born to love,

A trickling tear stole down his cheek,

He kiss'd the hopeless maid,

He strove, but found no tongue to speak,

And love his tale forbade,

“ Where

“ Where is my Charlotte, where ?” she cried,

“ Tell, tell me, or I die.”

“ I know not,” the false youth replied,

And hardly blush’d to lie.

“ Think not of Charlotte,” he began,

“ Improper mate for thee,

“ Woman was born to think of man,

“ Amelia, think of me.”

Day after day he urg’d his flame,

And faith regarded not,

Nor mention made of Charlotte’s name,

Deserted and forgot.

His artful tongue the maid beguiles,

His suit he presses still,

She seeks advice—the grandam smiles,

And answers, ‘ As you will.’

She gives consent; "but first," she cries,

"Let lovely Charlotte come,

"Restore her to these longing eyes,

"Go, Edward, bring her home.

"She was my only hope and care,

"My bosom's darling friend,

"The bridal name I will not share

"Till she with joy attend."

"O tarry not," rejoins the youth,

"Delay makes love depart,

"Delay abates the lover's truth,

"And cools the warmest heart.

"Be wedded first, and with a kiss

"Thy Edward shall away,

"And bring her home to share thy bliss,

"And hail thy wedding day."

"O no,"

“ O no,” she said—“ but grandam frown’d,
 And bade her yield aside:
 Young Edward’s hope success has crown’d,
 And fast the knot is tied.

“ Now hence,” she cries, “ make haste away,
 “ And lovely Charlotte bring,
 “ To bless Amelia’s wedding-day,
 “ And with her dance and sing.”

His horse was hurt—’twould surely rain—
 The cruel youth replied,
 And piteously began complain—
 So soon to leave his bride.

But she no false excuse would hear,
 She bade him keep his word,
 “ Take chaife,” she cried, “ nor tempest fear,
 “ My purse the cost afford.”

The chaise is summon'd to the door,

The treach'rous youth is gone.

“ Make haste,” she cries, “ nor see me more

“ Till Charlotte make us one.”

Perplex'd with doubt, and stung with shame,

He curses his false art,

Nor knows what new excuse to frame

To heal poor Charlotte's heart.

Yet not in vain Invention sought

Some stratagem to please,

His bosom broods an artful thought

To give Amelia ease.

He bids the driver change his road,

And scour the country round,

Then seek again the bride's abode,

And leave him where he found.

Fast fly the wheels. But far and near

Report has wing'd its way,

'Tis told in Charlotte's eager ear

That Edward weds to-day.

'Tis told, "Amelia stole his heart,

"An hour may make them one,

"Away, away, with speed depart,

"And claim him ere 'tis done."

With speed she comes, but ah! too late;

The fatal hour is past.

Amelia spied her at the gate,

And flew to hold her fast.

"Welcome, dear stranger, kind and true,

"You all my thoughts employ,"

She said, her arms about her threw,

And wept abundant joy.

And

And so their faithful hearts were tied,

In both affection glow'd;

Though injur'd Charlotte came to chide,

Her eye with transport flow'd.

Awhile her soul no trouble knew,

And anger harbour'd none,

Till arm in arm they both withdrew,

To tell their griefs alone.

Then Charlotte's words soon found a way

To give suspicion birth,

" And why," she cries, " this suit so gay?"

" And why these sounds of mirth ?

" Why ring these changes in my ear ?

" What mean these looks of glee ?

" Ah me ! Amelia weds, I fear,

" And has not thought of me."

“ Yes,” said Amelia, “ still most true,

“ On thee my heart has dwelt;

“ And all the pains that love e'er knew,

“ In thy long absence felt.

“ I've long'd to meet thee night and day,

“ Unhappy left alone ;

“ But Edward would not come away

“ Till wedlock made us one.”

“ And are ye wedded ?” Charlotte said,

But could no farther speak,

Her looks confess'd the injur'd maid,

The roses left her cheek.

She rose in anguish to depart,

And feebly shut the door ;

For sorrow swell'd her breaking heart

That soon shall beat no more.

Young Edward met her as he came,
And pass'd astonish'd by,
Unusual terror shook his frame
When Charlotte caught his eye.

She saw him at her look afraid,
She turn'd her eyes aside,
And nothing to upbraid him said,
But went away and died.

Amelia in amazement sat,
Suspicion soon began,
She seiz'd her gloves, her cloak, and hat,
And after Charlotte ran.

“ And stay,” she cried, “ dear Charlotte stay,”
But Charlotte could not hear,
Fast she pursued, but miss'd the way
Nor found her far or near.

She sought her long, she wept, and call'd,
Her cheek with ardor burn'd,
Young Edward met her guilt-appal'd,
From Charlotte just return'd.

“ Where is my Charlotte,” cried the maid,

“ Why is not Charlotte come?”

“ Be patient,” fal’ring Edward said,

“ She’s absent far from home.

“ I long’d to see the fair one here,

“ To grace our wedding feast,

“ But she is gone the Lord knows where

“ A hundred miles at least.”

“ False youth,” she cried, “ O double tongue,

“ That dares again deceive,

“ Come in, and hide not Charlotte’s wrong,

“ To make Amelia grieve.

“ Sit

“ Sit down, and fwear by Heav’n above

“ Not to deceive me now.

“ Didst thou not win my Charlotte’s love,

“ And soon to wed her vow?”

“ I fwear,” the trembling youth replied,

But could not answer no,

For conscience smote him. “ Hence,” she crie

“ Go, false dissembler, go,

“ Away, and to my Charlotte fly.”

She open’d wide the door,

“ Let Charlotte’s mouth the wrong deny,

“ Or never see me more.”

Sullen and pale the roof he left,

And full of shame is gone.

The wretched bride, of peace bereft,

Sits down to feed alone.

But all the board untasted stood,

All flew of transport ceas'd;

Affliction was her only food,

And anguish all her feast.

Three days elapse, and none can tell,

Why injur'd Charlotte stays,

Till now the solemn tolling bell

The secret half betrays.

Amelia heard, her heart misgave,

Her tears forgot to flow,

She rose to ask for whom the grave,

And who was gone from woe.

The path which to the steeple led,

Disguis'd and all forlorn,

She sought, and saw the happy dead

To church before her borne.

In hopes some aged dame to meet
Some cottage-friend to find,
With slow and undetermin'd feet
She loiter'd far behind.

One aged dame she met alone,
A dame of feeble sight,
And humbly question'd her, unknown,
For whom the grave to-night.

“ For one of better hopes than thee,
“ A maid of truth,” she cried,
“ Who breath'd her last beneath yon tree,
“ And for her true-love died.”

“ What was her name ?” “ Poor hapless child,”
The dame again begins,
“ The best of two, both good and mild,
“ The Vicar's Orphan Twins.”

“ Ah !

“ Ah ! was it Charlotte ?” “ Yes,” she said,

Amelia ask’d no more,

But forward went with downcast head,

And wept for anguish sore.

Under the footsteps of a stile,

That to the church-door led,

She sat to sigh and weep a while,

And lean’d her weary head.

At length the surplic’d priest appears,

The corpse has left the aisle,

Young Edward follows bath’d in tears,

His false love to bewail.

How was thy eye, Amelia, griev’d,

When now it saw the truth,

How didst thou pity her deceiv’d,

And how accuse the youth !

How did thy heart within thee mourn,

To hear, devout and slow,

A voice pronounce that " man is born

" To live and die in woe,

" He cometh up for little time,

" A short-liv'd summer flower,

" Cut down and wither'd in his prime,

" The glory of an hour."

Slow she approach'd the silent crowd,

Bade grief a while retreat,

Endeavour'd not to weep aloud,

And stood at Charlotte's feet,

And now the corpse is ready made,

The sexton steps between,

Poor Charlotte must in earth be laid,

And never more be seen.

She

She strove, but could not longer hide

The potent flood of grief.

Young Edward saw, and knew his bride,

And flew to give relief.

Kindly she press'd his offer'd hand

And all his wrongs forgave,

But could not longer grief withstand,

She sunk at Charlotte's grave.

Her heart was burst, her cheek was pale;

He much to save her tried,

But nought could all his art avail,

She clos'd her eyes, and died.

So ceas'd the burial, day was gone.

The grave is wider made.

To-morrow both are brought as one,

And in the cold earth laid.

And

And now the youth begins to rave,
His reason scarce remains,
The hour that clos'd their only grave,
Devoted him to chains.

THIS tale a tender mother told her child,
As both together on a summer's eve
Sat in the shade at work. "And thus," she cried,
" Man has abundant troubles, some deserv'd,
" Some little merited. But full of pain,
" As life in all its seasons may appear,
" 'Tis to ourselves, my child, we chiefly owe
" The multitude of poignant griefs we feel.
" As in my tale, afflictions oft proceed

From

“ From falsehood and dishonesty in man,
“ From haste and want of prudence in ourselves.
“ Be Lucy wise, and from another's pain
“ Learn her own duty to engage with care.
“ Regard the voice of caution, and be happy.”

F I N I S.



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